THE INDEPENDENT DRAGOONS

SABRE STROKES

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA DRAGOONS,

IN THE

WAR OF 1861-1865.

INTERSPERSED WITH PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY

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IN PERPETUAM MEMORIAM

IN

MEMORY OF

THE HEROISM OF MY

FALLEN COMRADES

OF THE SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA

VETERAN VOLUNTEER CAVALRY,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

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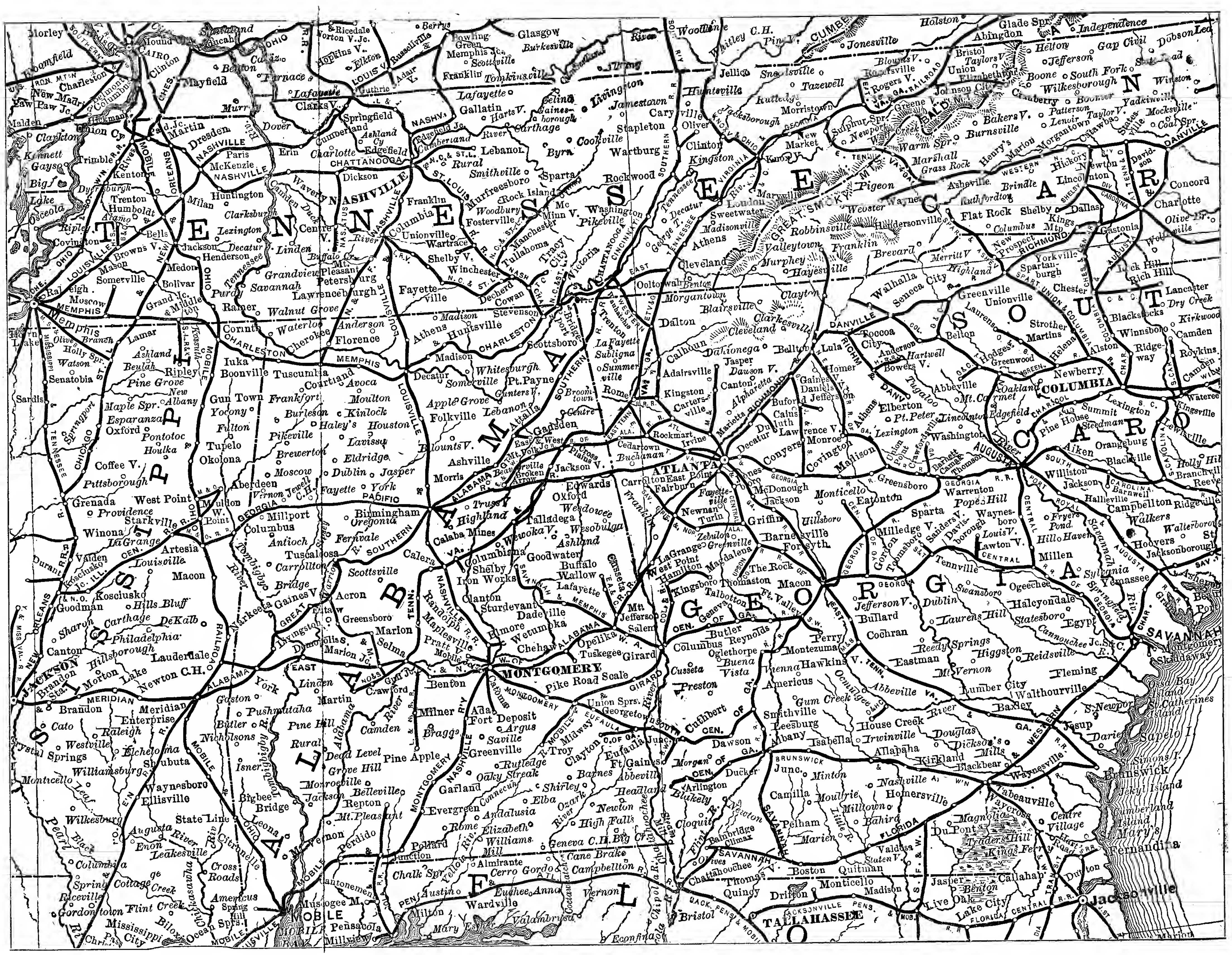
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
I.	Leaving Home	13
II.	Camp Cameron, Harrisburg	17
III.	Breaking Camp	27
IV.	Our First Cavalry March	38
V.	March to Nashville	48
VI.	Our First Fight with Morgan	63
VII.	Summer Campaign of 1862	71
VIII.	Foraging in Close Quarters	80
IX.	Battle of Stone River	95
X.	Sabre Charges on Wheeler's Cavalry	110
XI.	Battle of Chickamauga	122
XII.	Re-enlistment and Furlough Home	135
XIII.	Re-union and Return to the Front	144
XIV.	Atlanta Campaign	155
XV.	Kilpatrick's Raid	172
XVI.	Pursuit and Destruction of Hood's Army.	190
XVII.	Wilson's Raid	206
XVIII.	Shouts and Tears	225

CHAPTER. PAGE.

XIX. Capture of Jeff. Davis 230

XX. Re-construction in Georgia 239

XXI. Homeward Bound 249

XXII. Roll of Honor 257

PREFACE.

THE facts and incidents narrated in the following pages are drawn principally from memory. Diaries and letters written in "camp and field" have been consulted, as far as possible, to correct and confirm the author's recollections.

It is not proposed to give the history of an army, or to elucidate the plans of any particular campaign, but simply to tell the story of *army life* as seen and experienced by a soldier in the ranks.

The rank and file of the army had nothing to do in originating the plans of battle; notwithstanding, they had more to do than all others with the successful execution of those plans.

The writer, of necessity, must depend largely on his personal knowledge, and if he should fail to do justice to the memory and heroism of a single

comrade, it must be ascribed to a lack of information, and not to a want of disposition.

T. F. D.

INTRODUCTION

THE Independent Dragoons were organized in Nittany Valley, Pennsylvania, by Colonel John Smith, five or six years prior to the outbreak of the rebellion. They were organized as State Volunteers. The State furnished them with broadswords and horse-pistols. The handsome uniforms and horse-regalia were purchased by the men themselves, at a cost of seventy-five dollars to each man. This troop was the best uniformed company of cavalry at the State Military Encampment in eighteen hundred and fifty-nine and sixty.

After the promotion of Col. Smith to Brigadier General of State Militia, I. B. Schaeffer, his son-in-law, was unanimously elected captain of the company

This troop of horse met for drill three and four times a year. On the day appointed they often rode from ten to fifteen miles to the place of muster, starting before day, drilling in the field three hours in the forenoon and three in the afternoon, charging and counter-charging, wheeling in platoons and by company, until the troopers' legs were sore from the scrouging of their prancing steeds.

Weary and jaded, both man and beast, the home ride had to be made that same night. How their sides ached with the weight of the sabre! How their heads reeled with agony under the plumed helmets! But it was heroic. The crowd of spectators looked with admiration upon the mounted dragoons, giving expression to their enthusiasm by huzzahs as loud and long as ever greeted the knights of ancient chivalry. Men, women, and children along the highways, gazed with wonder at the advancing column of these gay cavaliers. When the command was given to fire a volley from those old-time horse-pistols, the scene beggars description. Women shrieked, children cried, the horses stood on their hind feet and pawed the air, and as the cloud of smoke lifted from the scene of confusion, more than one horseman was seen on the ground readjusting his accoutrements. These pistols had a bore large enough to admit a good-sized acorn. Like the blunderbuss, they were calculated not so much to hurt as to scare people.

In order to increase the effect and to terrify the natives beyond measure, a twelve-pound howitzer was planted on an eminence commanding some quiet village, and while the cavalry dashed into town, pouring their volleys into the air, peals of thunder and volumes of smoke were belching forth from the hill-top, shaking the houses by the mighty concussion, and smashing in a score or more of window-

panes, for which a generous public was always willing to pay. But this play with firearms was soon followed by dread reality.

Sumpter fell under the fire of hostile cannon! At the first call for seventy-five thousand men, the Independent Dragoons promptly tendered their services, but the War Department had no use for any more cavalry

The company was about to offer its services as infantry, when Col. Geo. C. Wynkoop was commissioned by Governor Curtin to recruit the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, at Harrisburg. Accordingly, on the fourteenth of October, 1861, a number of dragoons and fellow-citizens of Clinton and Centre counties enlisted in the service of the United States.

CHAPTER I.

LEAVING HOME—SALONA—LOCK HAVEN—HARRISBURG.

THE morning of October twenty-first, *eighteen hundred and sixty-one*, was the day appointed for the company to meet at Lock Haven, to take the seven o'clock train for Harrisburg, The night previous, wagons and carriages started from Logansville, Tylersville, Nittany Hall, Clintonville, Hamburg, and Cedar Run, concentrating at Salona, where, a few hours after midnight, under a bright moon, the procession of vehicles was formed and headed for Lock Haven. Passing through Mill Hall Gap, we took a long lingering look at the dear old valley behind us. The gray light of the morning crowned the familiar mountain tops. A somber shadow covered the landscape, hiding from view the happy homes and laughing streams, from which many of us had never been separated a fortnight without suffering untold pangs from that incurable malady known as *homesickness*. To leave all this lovely scenery behind, with the doubtful prospect, to say the least, of ever setting foot within those Narrows again, it was not strange that a stillness came over us as solemn as that which

filled the bosom of the mountain-sentinels that looked down on us from either side; and from their rocky lips, wreathed with evergreen, seemed to come to us, through the gentle zephyrs of the morning, a last sad farewell.

It was my privilege to share a spring-seat with a patriotic, cheerful citizen, who drove the team, and whose jovial mood helped to dispel any dejection of spirits. With no little regret we learned a year or so afterwards that this warm friend of the soldier, returning from Lock Haven on a dark night, and with horse and conveyance, was thrown over the high embankment into the dam above the Narrows, and found there a watery grave.

At Mill Hall, and Flemington, our procession was lengthened by additions from Bald Eagle Valley. Arriving at Lock Haven, the 7 a. m. train was standing at the depot ready to take us on board, and impatient to carry us away from the many friends who had followed us to this point. The farewells were quickly spoken. Wives parted from their husbands, mothers embraced their sons, sisters kissed their brothers good-bye, fathers pressed our hands and proffered a word of advice, and the train moved out.

The last we saw at the depot was a line of familiar faces bathed in tears; and the last words that lingered in my ears fell from a father's trembling lips, "Don't forget to pray."

Steaming out from Lock Haven across Bald Eagle bridge, and along the river bank, you may imagine the new sensations which came to some of us boys, who were taking our first ride on the cars. The telegraph poles seemed to fly in the opposite direction, and so dangerously near the window, that we preferred to occupy the end of the seat nearest the aisle. Unfortunately, a few of us had grown up in the country, where the locomotive whistle was not heard, where the noise most familiar to our ears was the old dinner-horn.

The country down the valley of the Susquehanna was picturesque in mountain scenery, and rich in agricultural improvements.

We reached Harrisburg about midday. The command was given to form line in front of the depot, and prepare to march to the camp ground. This was our first march, and in some respects it was a *forced march*, as some of the boys preferred to go in hacks, but that was unsoldier-like and contrary to orders. With a huge bundle on each shoulder, and an occasional umbrella raised to break the rays of a warm October sun, we footed it through the dusty highway to Camp Cameron, three miles south of the depot. Of course our bundles included only the loose baggage — the trunks and extra bedding were sent out by wagons. As we entered camp on that sunshiny afternoon, it seemed as if every tent in that vast encampment

had emptied itself, to swell the crowd of spectators that lined the street on either side.

The manly bearing of Captain Schaeffer's men, and I presume their soldierly endurance, made a favorable impression on Col. Wynkoop, who assigned our quarters in the centre of the regimental camp. A row of sixteen wedge-tents was allotted to the company—six men to occupy each tent. A marquee, a large field tent, stood apart at the head of the company, which was occupied by the captain and his two lieutenants. Loads of straw were hauled into camp for bedding, to which we helped ourselves freely, and prepared for the first night's lodging.

When the hour came to retire, we found ourselves in pretty close quarters. In a tent whose ground measurement was seven by eight, with a ridge-pole nine feet from the ground, there was not much room left in which to entertain strangers, after six of us crawled in on top of a half dozen armfuls of straw and twice as many bundles of clothing. We managed, however, to make a comfortable bed. Before lying down to rest one suggested that we better read a chapter out of the old Bible. We had been school-boys together, we had left behind us Christian homes, and some of us were members of the Christian Church. A rule was unanimously adopted, to read a passage of Scripture in turn, every evening before retiring. A chapter was then read, and the boys laid down to rest for the night.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP CAMERON, HARRISBURG—HARD-TACK—FRENCH LEAVE.

THE first night in camp was spent very comfortably. After breakfasting on stale army-crackers, the company was conducted to the surgeon's quarters for examination. Only one man, out of eighty, was rejected on account of disability

A rain set in for a few days, which made the boys wish for the second-story bed-room in the "*old house at home.*" After the sun came out, the boys could be seen issuing forth from their damp hives in search of lumber to build floors in their tents. For a day, every soldier turned carpenter, and by sunset, without square or compass, the floors were all laid.

On the twenty-ninth day of October, the company, numbering one hundred enlisted men, was mustered into service as Company E, of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry

The following company officers were unanimously elected: Israel B. Schaeffer, Captain; John Leidy, First Lieutenant; and Harvey H. Best, Second Lieutenant. The company was then graded according to size—the taller men at the head, and the

shorter men at the tail end of the company, nearest the cook-shop.

This new arrangement necessitated a change in bunk-mates, and the writer remembers seeing in his new quarters, at the first candle-lighting, the full-bearded faces of John Hull, H. L. Bricker, Wm. Hayes, Wash. Smith, and Samuel Foster.

At the hour of retiring, it was customary in this tent not only to read a chapter from the Bible, but also to offer silent prayer by those who felt so disposed.

Our first experience in using hard-tack was somewhat eventful and amusing. The kind issued to our regiment during the first ten days, were the old navy crackers, stale, worm-eaten, and hard as a brick. They were doubtless left over as a surplus from previous wars, and were now issued by the commissary department to break in new recruits. If you attempted to crush one with your fist, you were likely to injure your knuckles more than you would the cracker. Artificial teeth were pronounced unreliable, and some, we know, sent theirs home for safe-keeping.

But this continual nibbling at a bone with the meat all on the inside, became exceedingly monotonous, and the boys of the Seventh Cavalry took it in their heads that better fare could be furnished if the officers felt so disposed. A conspiracy was readily concocted, and at a given signal five hun-

dred men, more or less, rushed from their tents, each loaded down with forty rounds of ammunition, and with a concert of action that was truly wonderful, they were seen in the starlight charging with furious impetuosity upon the headquarters of the commissary department, fairly burying the suspected officials beneath a stormy bombardment of *hard-tack*. The sequel proved that this night attack was not made in vain. In a few days the old navy ironclads were exchanged for fresh army crackers, and a two-pound loaf of soft bread was issued to each man every five days during our stay in Camp Cameron.

The daily routine of camp life soon became very prosy One day it was *field*-drill on foot. The next day it was guard duty, and the next police duty, and so on in turn, as regular as the sound of the bugle. The slow hours of the Sabbath became specially irksome to those who were accustomed regularly to attend church. On the first Sabbath in camp the commanding officer was besieged at an early hour by those who sought permission to leave camp on that day A comrade, who for several years had served as an elder in the Presbyterian church, heard of an afternoon service in the country, and requested a layman to accompany him. It was too late in the day to secure a written pass, but by the captain's permission we took advantage of a French leave. The spring from which all our

water had to be carried was at least forty rods beyond the guard line, and with a camp-kettle swinging on a stick between us, we passed out without a challenge from the sentinel. At the spring we hid our kettle in an old dilapidated chimney, where we expected to find it on our return from the sanctuary It seemed quite clear to the elder and myself, that in this particular case at least, "the end justified the means." Walking rapidly for two miles, we reached the church, but to our disappointment the service was held in the forenoon instead of the afternoon, as we had been informed. We decided, however, to enjoy our *liberty* for an hour, which was one of the inalienable rights guaranteed to us by the Federal Constitution. On our return we took occasion to step aside, and walk through a large pasture in which one thousand cavalry horses were grazing. It was a beautiful October day. The air was fragrant with the odor of flowers and the ripe fruits of autumn. The green fields, the lawns, the handsome residences, the gravel walks, the fish-ponds, and the evergreens, gave a variety to the scenery that charmed the eye of a home-loving soldier.

It was a delightful change from the dullness and irksomeness of camp life! Having spent an hour in this enjoyable and, as we supposed, innocent recreation, we directed our footsteps toward the old chimney for our very reliable passport, but to our utter discomfiture the *kettle was gone.* Some mis-

erable recruit must have appropriated it to cover his own tracks. There was no alternative but to face the music.

We determined upon a straight-forward course. The elder was to act as spokesman, and to tell, if occasion required, the honest truth, to which the layman was to give his heart-felt approval. Such frank acknowledgement, and such guileless looks, should have been sufficient to establish our innocence before any judge or jury Before we reached the guard-line, we were in the custody of the man with the red sash and a drawn sword—it was the "Officer of the Day" He was a savage-looking man. His appearance indicated that he was neither theoretically nor practically in favor of temperance. His intuitive faculty was remarkably acute on that afternoon. He did not need to inquire where we had been, or why we were without a *pass*, for he knew it all. He knew, to a certainty, that we had broke guard in the dead of night, that we had been marauding through the country, robbing hen-roosts, devastating onion-patches, and doing all manner of deviltry He did not want any explanations, and any attempt to carry out our programme was met by the insolent reply, "You dry up." He could read nothing but mischief in the eyes of his newly made prisoners.

To prevent our escape from arrest, he called to his aid several guards with fixed bayonets to march

us to camp head-quarters. Here the officer of the day reported two scalawags without passes, and from all appearanee they had been committing serious depredations in the surrounding country. The eommander-in-ehief was filled with righteous indignation. He had no time to waste in listening to an explanation. He had no desire to see such miserable culprits. Without rising from his seat at a card-table in the inner sanctum, he pronounced the irreversible sentenee, "Away with them—to the '*bull-ring*.'"

A few more bayonets were ordered up, and in front of these bristling points we proeeeded to the wood-yard, where each, aecording to specific directions, shouldered a stiek of cord-wood. My friend, the elder, being very stout and muscular, was required to shoulder the but-end of a red-oak sapling. From here we marehed by twos at right-shoulder-shift, to the brow of the hill, where we met a goodly number of our comrades treading the wine-press of repentance, and as we joined the procession they fairly shouted for joy The ring, so conspieuous in our memory, was situated on the brow of a hill by the public highway, in size about like the arena in a circus, well guarded by muskets, and surrounded on that Sabbath afternoon by as many spectators as witnessed at one time the bull-fights in the Coliseum at Rome. Some of our neighbor boys were arrested in the streets of Har-

risburg; whether they were on their way to or from church we are not prepared to say, and we deemed it impertinent to ask any questions.

For three mortal hours we marked time in the endless march. No halt was ordered; no opportunity was given to *ground arms*. My friend once lowered his sapling, and stood a moment at *parade-rest*, but the point of a bayonet at his back sharply reminded him that in this sort of circum-ambulation, there was no rest for the wicked. After sunset the prisoners were conducted by a heavy escort to the guard-house, to spend the night in *durance vile*.

In the mean time, the company officers were doing all in their power to have the boys released, but without avail. The only answer they received from head-quarters was, "*I must treat all alike.*"

Doomed to imprisonment for the night, we concluded to make the best of it. There was no room in the board shanty to lie down, nor to sit, so we leaned against the wall. The floor was covered with three and four thicknesses of legs and arms tangled and twisted into all sorts of shapes. Mutterings and blasphemies rose at intervals, like a blue blaze, from the ulterior strata. New recruits hourly arriving from the slums of Harrisburg, were forced into the guard-house by the end of the musket, and tumbling over the slumbering heaps of humanity, gave occasion for additional wailing and gnashing of teeth. One unconquerable Hibernian

determined not to endure any longer such bitter humiliation. Taking a rope in hand, he mounted one of the rafters, fastened the rope around his neck, and swore that he would hang himself. The guards, wishing to avoid the trouble of burying him, took him down, and cooled his ardor by tying him to a tree till morning.

Another noisy fellow, with *one horn too many*, was silenced by being "bucked and gagged." This effectual piece of military discipline was performed by tying together the wrists, then introducing the knees into the opening made by spreading apart the arms, then locking the arms and legs by passing a stick or a gun-barrel through under the knees. Every effort of the prisoner to get up throws him on his back; his performance resembling that of a land turtle trying to turn over. If the prisoner persisted in the use of vile and abusive language, the gag was put on him by fastening a drum-stick in his mouth. This mode of punishment was most effectual in quelling insubordination. With such sights and sounds we passed the night—once only falling into a fitful slumber—dreaming of purgatory "where their worm dieth not," and where the "smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever."

Next morning we hoped to be liberated, but to our worse mortification, we were led out under guard, armed with brooms, and set to work sweep-

ing the streets. This was the bitterest pill of all. It stirred every sense of pride. It was enough to kindle the fires of indignation in the breast of every free-born American citizen. So seven-fold hot was the blood of my Calvinistic friend, that his hair seemed to cling to the scalp in a perfect crisp. With impassioned earnestness we said to each other, "Did we not enlist with good intentions? Did we not sacrifice home and friends to serve our country?—and has it come to this? Freemen turned into menials! 'Independent Dragoons' turned into street-sweepers! Can it be possible? Is there no redress from such unmitigated tyranny?" A gruff voice, emphasized by the flourish of a sword, said—"Boys, keep those brooms going."

The day, with its menial service, was followed by a return to the guard-house, and not until eleven o'clock that night was the order issued effecting our release.

This severe lesson in military discipline was not forgotten during the four years of army-life. My friend never afterwards ventured, to my knowledge, beyond the guard-line, without written permission from *head-quarters*.

During our stay in Camp Cameron, one comrade was sent home a corpse. He was sick a few weeks, and died in the hospital, November 27, 1861. His name was James Strunk, a young man and a promising soldier. The company followed his re-

mains to the depot, and with much regret we parted with one whom we had hoped to have with us to the end.

CHAPTER III.

BREAKING CAMP—PRESENTATION OF FLAGS—PITTSBURG—LOUISVILLE.

AFTER a stay of eight weeks at Harrisburg, occupied in field drill and sword exercise, the regiment was ordered to Louisville, Kentucky.

On the morning of December 18, 1861, we broke camp. The paymaster visited the regiment in the forenoon, and paid each man to the first of December, in gold, at the rate of thirteen dollars per month to each private soldier.

In the afternoon we marched to the capital square, where we listened to a short address from Governor Curtin, who, in behalf of the ladies of Harrisburg, presented to the colonel a handsome regimental flag, and to the twelve captains each a company guidon.

The colonel replied briefly, pledging the *Seventh* to stand by their colors, and to return them to this city with honor.

Took the cars at 6 p. m., and moved slowly toward Pittsburgh. The train was heavily loaded. At daybreak next morning we reached the famous Horseshoe Bend. Three engines did their utmost in worming that train up the mountain. It was a grand sight for this boy from the country, to see those huge monsters puffing, and snorting, and spit-

ting fire, causing the very mountains to tremble with their deep and sullen groans.

We did not reach Pittsburgh until the evening of the nineteenth. For two hours after our arrival no one was allowed to leave the train. At eight o'clock that evening the regiment was invited to the City Hall, to partake of a warm supper provided by the ladies of Pittsburgh. Many expressions of gratitude were heard among the soldiers for this act of kindness. They will never cease to remember with pleasure the warm reception they received in the "*Iron City*." From the hall we marched on board steamers on the Ohio river. One boat was allowed to two companies with their horses. The horses were put in the lower part of the boat, and the men occupied the cabins, staterooms, and the hurricane deck. Company "E" was comfortably quartered on the "Prima Donna," the largest stern-wheel propeller on the river. We had on board two hundred men, one hundred and fifty horses, and ten days' provender for man and beast.

While we were engaged in feeding the horses, an alarm was given that a man had fallen overboard. It was a member of another company, who had indulged too freely in Pittsburgh whiskey, and being rescued he found himself on board the wrong boat.

At noon, on the 21st day of December, the "Prima Donna" pulled out from the wharf and

floated down the classic Ohio. It was a beautiful sight from the hurricane deck to see seven large steamers, surmounted by the stars and stripes, moving in magnificent procession, and obeying every signal from the flagship at the head of the fleet. The music of the band added an irresistible charm to the quiet waters. The sunset, arrayed in robes of vermillion and gold, bid us a royal welcome to the great *Valley of the West.*

Eighteen miles from Pittsburgh, we anchored for the night. The water was very low, and the pilot was in constant dread of running aground.

At daybreak Sunday, the 22d of December, we weighed anchor and moved down the river from ten to fifteen miles per hour. It was very cold to stand on the hurricane deck—but it was something new to ride on a steamer, and the cold was temporarily forgotten by the pleasure afforded in viewing the new scenery which opened before us at every throb of the *great engine.* Having crossed the line between Pennsylvania and Ohio, we had then Ohio on the right, and West Virginia on the left. At each town along the river, the Union flag was waving from every pinnacle; crowds of people gathered along the shores, cheering and saluting the fleet. At Wheeling, the loyal demonstrations were particularly impressive; the levee and the bridge across the Ohio were lined with a solid mass of humanity, over which fluttered, like wings

of hope, a myriad of white handkerchiefs. Along the shores of Kentucky we discovered an apparent coolness toward the Union cause, and in a few instances it culminated in open disloyalty.

About noon of December 24th, we passed Cincinnati on our right and Covington on our left. The cheers from both sides were prolonged and hearty

On Christmas morning we were ordered to disembark at Louisville, Kentucky One-half of the men took charge of the baggage and the other half, of the horses. It was hard to tell which had the biggest elephant to handle. After leaving the steam-boats, we crossed on the ferry to Jeffersonville, Indiana. We had neither bit nor bridle, nothing but a rope halter with which to hold the horses. To manage two and three wild horses, just aching to made *terra firma* fly, was a task fit for a Hercules. The streets of Jeffersonville were too muddy for us to walk and lead the animals, so we mounted, and rode through town on a break-neck charge. It was more amusing to the spectators than Barnum's circus, but no fun to those who did the steering. It is about as easy to stop an engine on a down-grade without brakes, as to stop three spirited horses with rope-halters. We cleared the town without any serious collision. No lives were lost, but a goodly number of *blue coats* were bespattered with mud, and here and there one hung on the fence to dry.

In a swamp one mile northeast of Jeffersonville, we came to a halt, and made preparations to go into camp. It had rained all day and the ground was thoroughly soaked. Late in the evening the wagons came up with the tents, but the pins were forgotten, and no timber in reach to make any from. A few tents only were put up that night. There was no straw in camp, and no boards with which to make a bed. The outlook for the night was truly miserable. Two sticks of cord-wood, with the flat side up, and a haversack at one end for a pillow, constituted the average bed for that night.

Taking it all in all, it was anything but a *happy Christmas.* The Christmas dinner was left out, and the supper was indefinitely postponed. Before morning our restless steeds stood in mud and water six inches deep; our out-door beds were covered with a sheet of snow. Next day we finished putting up the tents. It was the large Sibley tent, cone-shaped, a sheet-iron stove in the middle, with an opening at the top of the tent for the smoke to escape. One tent was intended to hold sixteen men. When sleeping the men lay with their heads to the wall and their feet toward the centre. It was not long until every blanket in the shanty had three or four holes burnt through it, and many were the lamentations uttered over the "blanket mother sent." The horses were assorted according

to color, Company E taking the bays and the blacks. Excellent horse equipments were then issued, consisting of saddles, bridles, feed-bags, saddle-blankets, spurs, comb and brush.

Here we received our first shooting-iron. It was a short, heavy-barreled, old-style, cap-lock gun. When one was discharged, it was about as dangerous to stand at one end as at the other. Considerable ammunition was wasted in target shooting. After a number of men had their ears marked by these old arquebuses, they were condemned and returned to the ordnance department.

Not much drilling was done in this camp, either mounted or on foot. The fields were too soft, and the camp was a sea of mud without an island. Officially it was known as "Camp Crittenden," but by unanimous consent it was christened the "*Muddy Camp*." In this particular it surpassed anything we ever heard or read of. In places the mud was boot-deep. From the door of our tents to the farthest limit of the camp, it was swimming with mud. Go where you would, you had to wade the mud; standing, you had to stand in the mud, sitting, you had to sit in the mud. It became so bad, that the camp guards refused to come out any longer on foot, and during the last few weeks of our stay in the "Muddy Camp," all sentinel duty was performed on horseback.

The horses fared even worse in this camp than

the men. They stood in the mud day and night. On several cold mornings in January, a few of the more quiet horses were frozen fast, and it became necessary to loosen them with pick and shovel. All suffered more or less from scratches. Many took *distemper*. Ten per cent., at least, died from exposure.

Every conceivable device was resorted to by the soldiers to save their horses. The writer obtained permission to take his little black mare to a neighboring stable, where he hoped to nurse her through a severe attack of "distemper." She lived through it, but never fully recovered from the effects of exposure.

One cold winter day the writer sought shelter in a house near by, where lived the proprietors of the stable. He found two old bachelors keeping house. They spent their time in eating, drinking and smoking. It was on the Sabbath when the writer paid this visit to "bachelor hall," and just as he entered the room they were amusing themselves with a deck of cards. He obtained permission to write a few letters to friends in Nittany, on their kitchen-table. A small boy was sent to the cellar for a jug of wine. All drank to the health of old Bacchus, except the writer, who was debarred the privilege by a standing pledge of total abstinence. One of the bachelors then began to make preparations for dinner. A pot full of potatoes, sauer-kraut and

pig's feet, which had been boiling all forenoon, was lifted from the stove and set on the middle of the table. A few tin plates, and as many rusty knives and forks, constituted the dinner outfit. It is needless to say that it was the best New Year's dinner the writer sat down to for that year. He remembered very forcibly the inspired declaration, "Not that which entereth into a man defileth a man, but that which cometh out."

The month of January was spent in equipping the regiment, in breaking the horses to the saddle and the mules to the harness. Such animals as could not be controlled by their owners at home, found ready sale in government markets. To undertake to conquer them was equal to facing the dangers of the battle-field. A man might as well be struck by a cannon ball as to be kicked by a mule. If he happened to be scorched a little by the former, he was taken to the hospital and carefully bandaged, but if struck by the latter beast he was obliged to nurse his sore shins as best he could. The valuable services, in this direction, of John Hull, Samuel Foster, Wilson H. Miller, and others, deserve special commendation.

The monotony of camp-life was happily interrupted by an evening's entertainment at the residence of Mr. Miller, Warden of the Indiana State Penitentiary. The commissioned officers and a number of the lesser lights of Co. E, were invited

to spend the evening with this pleasant family. The contrast between that elegantly furnished parlor and the interior of our Sibley tent stuck in the mud, was enough to make a soldier very uneasy for fear he might injure the upholstered furniture, or soil the Brussels carpets with his *number-nine* army boots. While we were trying to dispose of our pedal extremities, the host and hostess entered the room, accompanied by four blooming daughters. The father pointing to the two eldest, said, "These are my 'Union girls.'" The mother, presenting the two youngest, said with an air of Southern aristocracy, "These are my 'Secesh girls.'" The father's sympathies were with the North, the mother's with the South. The battle between the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Stars and Bars," was soon fought over by nimble fingers on the keys of the piano. "Hail Columbia" was followed by the tune of "Dixie." The contest was spirited and long, and at the close the invincible hostess pinned up the "Stars and Bars" side by side with the "Stars and Stripes." It was a bitter pill for some of my abolition comrades; but the fair combatants were so charming, the supper so elegant, the cake so delicious, the turkey so well done and so handsomely served, that the medicine lost its bitterness, and the boys, one and all, went their way rejoicing.

Before leaving this camp, we witnessed a very

novel performance. Two men of Co. "A" had their heads shaved, and were drummed out of camp. They repeatedly broke guard, lay drunk in the saloons of Jeffersonville, and were dragged to camp at the end of a lariat-rope. They were taken from the guard-house to the regimental barber, where their heads were shaved as smooth as a peeled onion. They were then led through the streets of the camp, followed by the band playing the "Rogue's March." They were escorted to the river, put on board a boat, and sent adrift.

The open saloons in the neighborhood were an absolute curse to our regiment. Several companies were recruited from the coal-regions of Pennsylvania. When removed from temptation they were among the bravest and most faithful of soldiers, but when whiskey was within their reach, they became riotous, and at times it seemed as if one-half of the regiment was required to guard the other half. Our regimental officers were distinguished more for their bravery than for their sobriety, and their example was not calculated to promote habits of temperance among those under their command.

One moonlight night the writer had an experience with a drunken sentinel which he has not yet forgotten. Feeling a little melancholy, I retired to the rear of the colonel's quarters and seated myself on some boxes overlooking a beautiful lake, caused by the overflow of the Ohio. My thoughts were

busy with the recollections of home, when suddenly the sentinel in front of the colonel's tent called loudly for the corporal of the guard. He shouted "*Thief! thief!*" The boxes on which I sat were full of picks and shovels, and in his imagination I was doing my level best to get away with them. Starting leisurely to my quarters, he threatened to shoot if I attempted to move another inch. The adjutant and the officer of the guard rushed to the spot, and for a little while it looked as if I was doomed to another *drill* in "cord-wood tactics." But fortunately, there were enough sober men around to comprehend the situation. The swaggering sentinel was arrested, and being divested of his arms and his whiskey-bottle, he was remitted to the guard-house, and the writer was honorably discharged from further custody

CHAPTER IV

OUR FIRST CAVALRY MARCH— FROM JEFFERSON VILLE TO BARDSTOWN, KY.

OUR regiment was very glad to obey marching orders from this "Muddy Camp." The Union forces, under Grant and Thomas, were moving on Fort Donelson and Bowling Green.

On Sunday morning, January 20th, 1862, the order was given to strike tents and be ready to move by nine o'clock. Rumors reached us of General Thomas' victory, at Mill Springs, the day before, and to-day he was still pressing his advantage, and succeeded in routing the enemy so completely, that his opponent, the Confederate General Crittenden, was placed under arrest by his superiors, for criminal neglect and mismanagement in resisting the attacks of the Union troops.

This was the most important victory yet gained in the West, and up to that time, it was the most decisive victory of the war. It was, perhaps, the first time in the history of our civil contest, that the boasted chivalry of the South was crestfallen and compelled to acknowledge the equality, if not the superiority, of Northern courage. It brought General Thomas out of his former obscurity, and

laid the foundation for that illustrious fame which he was destined to achieve.

Such cheering news from the front made us all the more eager to have a hand in the fray before the fight was all over. During the first few months there was considerable lamentation for fear we should be compelled to return home without delivering a shot or a sabre-stroke. But it is altogether safe to say that the majority of us were much more anxious to see the "*elephant*" the first time than the second.

The work of packing had to be done in a hurry. Most of our company were excellent horsemen, accustomed to the saddle; but how to pack bed and board, household goods and three days' provender on horseback, was a mystery yet to be solved. To leave anything behind was not once thought of; the castaway clothing of other regiments had to be gathered and lugged, that nothing be lost.

Two woollen blankets and a coverlet brought from home were hurriedly rolled into a bundle two feet long and a foot thick, which was strapped on the saddle behind; the rubber dolman overcoat, carpet sack with several suits of underclothing, shaving-tools, shoe-brush and blacking, and perhaps a sheep-skin, had to be packed in front. The side-pockets, or saddle-bags, were filled with crackers and forty rounds of ammunition.

The dragoon then girded himself with a heavy

cavalry sword; on one shoulder hung a monstrous shooting-iron, and on the other a haversack holding three days' rations. Thus equipped the horses were led into line, each with a nose-bag dangling on his neck containing a feed of oats, and a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds on his back. The command is given. "Attention: Prepare to *mount:* MOUNT!"

Each trooper was expected to obey the command with his accustomed agility. The scrambling to get into the saddle was highly amusing to a disinterested spectator. Some sat astride the stern of the ship, but how to get over the rear bundle was the difficulty. Short-legged men had to lead their horses to the nearest fence, and from the top rail drop down amidships. When once mounted, it was only a question of time as to how we should dismount. The inconvenience and discomfort arising from so extensive a barricade in front and rear, was compensated in part by the sense of security one felt in the presence of an enemy with small shot.

Bidding adieu to our Hoosier camp, we marched in column of fours to Jeffersonville, and crossed the river to Louisville on the ferry, by companies. Our saddles remained in position very well as long as the column moved on the walk, but upon entering the streets of Louisville, the command was given to "*Close up.*"

The first company that crossed the river was a

mile in advance, and it was necessary to make a cavalry charge to overtake them. As soon as the horses began to gallop, the rigging of the ship and the passenger on the upper deck began to slide backward, notwithstanding the pilot held on to rein and mane for dear life. The sight was indeed ludicrous to the multitudes of spectators lining the streets on either side. The people in their Sunday dress were just returning home from the morning services in the sanctuary The serious impressions of the sermon were for the time being forgotten, and the most devout could not resist smiling at the awkward performance of these gay cavaliers.

Now and then a saddle would turn earthward toward the centre of gravity, leaving the rider and his bundles, mud-splashed, in the middle of the road.

The colored population, which was very dense in the suburbs of the city, enjoyed the performance hugely, and frequently gave expression to their feelings by vociferous outbursts of laughter.

This first bloodless charge will never be forgotten by those of our boys who were under the painful necessity of casting anchor in the middle of the street for repairs, at high noon on that memorable Sunday We encamped that night ten miles south of Louisville, in a beautiful grove near Fern Run. The teams were delayed in crossing the river, and did not reach camp until dark. Some spread their

blankets in the open air, while the wiser portion went to work and put up tents to shelter them from the threatening clouds. Before break of day on Monday morning, the ground was covered with four inches of snow, and those outside began to hunt for shelter. It continued raining and snowing all day, and we almost wished ourselves back in winter quarters on the other side of the Ohio.

On Tuesday morning we pulled out again for Bardstown. Had the experience of yesterday over again in packing and getting started. We marched eighteen miles before stopping. The day was warm and sunshiny We went into camp in good time, had our tents pitched and coffee drank before dark. We settled down to having a good sleep that night, but soon after we were snugly fixed to enjoy our rest, it began to thunder, and rained furiously all night. Between showers next morning, we had just time enough to huddle together our wet blankets and begin another day's march.

All day it continued raining and sleeting, and the increasing cold wind from the North sent a chill to the very bone, making it, all in all, one of the most disagreeable days you meet with in a lifetime. Some of our strongest men laid the foundation of disease during this first march, which so soon claimed them as victims of the great destroyer, *camp fever*.

We passed through Bardstown at 3 p. m., and

encamped in a white oak grove a few miles east of town.

It was with some difficulty that the wagons reached the camp ground. A squad of soldiers from each company was sent to the rear to pry them out of the mud.

This camp was christened "Camp Thomas," in honor of his recent victory at Mill Springs. Many of his wounded soldiers lay in the hospitals of Bardstown. Five other regiments of infantry and cavalry were quartered in this vicinity It was intended to be a camp of instruction. The lash of military discipline was laid on with all the vim and precision of "old regulars." The day was literally crowded with calls to duty from reveille to tattoo. The forenoon was occupied in sword exercise and company drill, the afternoon in batallion and regimental drill under command of Major Wynkoop. Any one failing to turn out on drill or dress parade without a doctor's permit was, without trial by judge or jury, at once remitted to the guard-house.

Strict orders were issued from headquarters, forbidding the soldiers, under pain of severe penalties, to molest any domestic fowl, or lay violent hands on the innocent porkers that amused themselves daily in rooting around the outskirts of the camp. Notwithstanding all this flourish of red-tape, there were in due time several hogs reported missing. A general search was at once instituted. Each cap-

tain was required to examine the quarters of his own company, and try, if possible, to find the uncircumcised Philistine who was guilty of eating hog. No such man, however, could be found in the "Seventh Cavalry."

This hog business became quite serious, however, before we left "Camp Thomas." An account taken from the "Louisville *Democrat*" of that date will sufficiently explain how some of the boys in a neighboring regiment fared in this business:

"On the twenty-first of January, 1862, the First and Second Kentucky Regiments encamped on the grounds of Mr. Southerland, a prominent citizen of Bardstown. Next morning two young men from the Second Kentucky were found by Mr. S. near his house, with a hog which one of them had killed. He gave them a gentle admonition (it is said), which they were not disposed to receive. Mr. S. called to his assistance Adjutant Bayles and Lieut. Col. Buckstuhl of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, who arrested the young men and compelled them to drag the bloody carcass into camp, where they were taken into custody and put through the usual 'cord-wood drill.'

One of these soldiers, deeply stung by the disgrace, nursed his wrath and sought an opportunity for revenge. Early on the morning of the twenty-third, a soldier with gun in hand came to the back-yard and sent a servant into the house, to report to

Mr. S. that some of the boys had killed a heifer the night previous, and that the Colonel desired him to come to his headquarters and receive pay for it, as he did not want any more of his boys punished. In a few hours after, the soldier returned and sought an interview with Mr. S., urging him to go along to camp by a retired way Mr. S. was absent all day, which excited some uneasiness in the family. His son Henry started in the direction his father was seen to go with the soldier, and within about four hundred yards of the house, he came upon the body of his father, cold in death. A large ball had passed through him from back to breast. The guilty soldier, Samuel H. Calhoun, confessed his crime, and on the fifth of February, 1862, between the hours of two and three p. m., he expiated his guilt upon the gallows in the presence of five thousand troops. "

This was the first execution of this character which we boys had ever witnessed, and although twenty years have elapsed, the impression is still quite vivid.

The month of February was very disagreeable; scarcely two days passed over our heads without rain or snow Much sickness prevailed in camp. Some mornings no less than two hundred men marched up to the doctor's quarters for their "quinine." The camp diarrhœa became epidemic to an alarming extent. The cause was traced to the im-

pure, and as some claimed poisoned water used by the soldiers. These springs were afterwards guarded, and no one allowed to use any water from them. Our company officers were nearly all on the sick list. Our First Lieutenant, John Leidy, was so severely taken with this disease that a furlough of thirty days was granted him; but the nursing of kind hands at home brought him no permanent relief, and in consequence, he was compelled in April, 1862, to resign his position in the army.

Our second lieutenant, H. H. Best, was prostrated by camp fever. He was taken into a private family near our camp, and nursed with all the gentleness and care possible in his own home; but we had gone only a few days on our march toward Nashville, when the sad intelligence reached us that his remains were being removed to Salona, Pennsylvania, for interment. The premature death of this young and gallant officer was extremely sad. By his uniform courtesy and large-heartedness he had endeared himself to every member of the company. His loss was sorely felt among the boys; but greater still was the sacrifice laid upon the altar of our country by a patriotic father, and a loving wife and mother. Several private soldiers, Clough, Calhoun, and Brittan, were discharged in the month of March, on account of disability

The news of the capture of Fort Donelson on the sixteenth day of February, reached our camp

on the following day. The demonstrations of joy were immense, and cheer after cheer went up for the old "Stars and Stripes."

Again the boys were eager for the fray. Our regiment had passed the "special" and "general inspection," which was such a bugaboo to the uninitiated. Mortal fears were again entertained that the war would be over before we should snuff the enemy's powder. On the twenty-seventh of February, just one month after our arrival in Bardstown, we were ordered to report for duty at Nashville as soon as possible.

CHAPTER V.

MARCH TO NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

AT four o'cloek on the morning of the twenty-seventh the bugle sounded the call "To horse." The blue-coats issued from the tents like bees from the hive. The fall of the white "Sibleys" was like that of the Midianites before the trumpet-blast of Gideon's band.

We were obliged to leave behind a number of our comrades who were sick and disabled. My bunk-mate, Corporal Hayes, met with an accident a few days before, and to our sincere regret, was sent to the hospital to nurse his injuries. Orderly Sergeant McGhee and several others were unable to endure the hardships of a march in mid-winter, and were accordingly sent through by railway. Many others were scarcely able to steady themselves in the saddle; the ambulances were soon filled, and the stern order of the colonel was to "Tie the men in their saddles if they are not able to sit erect."

The first night we went into camp ten miles south, on the road to Munfordsville. Snow fell several inches deep that night. Lay in camp next day to be mustered for pay.

March the first opened with a driving sleet, followed by a disagreeable rain, which continued all day. We pitched our tents on a hill side, eighteen miles further on our way. Next day was Sunday, March the second. The company officers plead with the colonel to let the men rest in camp that day. But the colonel declared he would move if it would rain "fire and brimstone." The secret of his obstinacy, doubtless, was the fact that several other regiments of cavalry were ordered to report at Nashville about the same time, and each colonel tried to anticipate the other in reporting his command for duty. The First Kentucky, Third Ohio, and Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry regiments were marching against each other. Each commanding officer was guided by the "star" which he confidently hoped would alight on his shoulder soon after his arrival at the front. The more rapid his marches, and the more casualties he could report, the better, he supposed, would be his chances for promotion.

This was Sunday, and it was particularly unfashionable to lie still on that day. "Break camp," was the relentless order. Under a drenching rain the tents were struck. Before leaving camp a soldier was buried in the corner of the field, who had died, so to speak, in the saddle.

The column moved forward. All day we sat in the saddle; the rain pouring in torrents, the heavens

rent with lightning, and the earth trembling like an aspen under the shock of God Almighty's thunderbolts.

Notwithstanding all the rigorousness and inexorableness of military authority; notwithstanding the constant dash of orderlies back and forth—making the mud fly in every direction; in spite of all the cursing of teamsters, the cart-whipping and the birching of mules, there was no perceptible move among the heavily-freighted and mud-bound wagons. At nightfall, shivering and hungry, the column filed into a swampy camp-ground just two miles and a half from where we started in the morning. There we stood in mud and water shoe-deep, without shelter, without cooking utensils, without fire, and with strict orders to use no rails, which was the only fuel that was come-at-able.

Some were foolish enough to stay there, and shiver and worry through the live-long night, while the majority scattered themselves among the log shanties and stables of that neighborhood; and after breakfasting on corn-bread and hot biscuits, they reported themselves for duty. No arrests were made, as most of the officers had stowed themselves away in the same boat. The road across the ridge to Munfordsville was pronounced impassable for loaded teams. An order was issued to carry the tents, tent-poles, ropes, and sheet-iron stoves on horse-back. All day we were filing

across the blue hills, and either walking or riding, we dared not for a moment, let go our grip upon the baggage. We arrived at Munfordsville about four p. m., and with ravenous appetites we waited impatiently for our teams. Some came into camp at a late hour, but our company wagon unfortunately took a turn on the driver, upsetting our cook shop, and spilling our commissary stores down the hill side.

After a halt of a few days to take on new supplies, we set out again for Nashville. The enemy were retreating from middle Tennessee southward, with Grant, Sherman, and Thomas in hot pursuit. We crossed the railroad bridge over Green river, which had been partially destroyed by the rear guard of the enemy On the south side of the river we passed a long line of rebel breastworks, and in our march we were frequently reminded of the presence of hostile forces. Several times we came to blockades of trees felled across the way Deserted camps were seen on every hand. At Bowling Green we crossed Barron river on pontoons—all the other bridges being destroyed. At Mitchellville, Tennessee, we spent a night in the deserted barracks of the enemy. Mammoth Cave lay within a mile of our line of march. A few left the ranks without permission and satisfied their curiosity; while others, wishing to see it equally as much, possessed yet too vivid a recollection of

former guard-house experience to make the venture. Another Sunday we marched eighteen miles, and all that weary day we were confronted by the painful spectacle of two soldiers of Co. "A," being led, like wild beasts, at the end of a lariat-rope. Their offense was that of wilfully and deliberately *killing a pig*. Several members of the regiment, we were informed, had wandered too far from the moving column, and were picked up by bush-wackers, and either shot or hung.

The first place in the line of march was contested daily with the 3d Ohio Cavalry. If they, by an earlier start, would pass our camp in the morning, we would pass their camp-fires at night. For a number of days we were in the saddle from five a. m. to nine p. m. The day before reaching Nashville, we went into camp one mile in advance of the "Ohio boys," and about thirteen miles from Nashville. Orders were given to put up tents, and make preparations for a few days' rest. The "*Buck-eyes*" were not sharp enough to see through this piece of strategy, and therefore lay down and slept soundly until daylight next day.

At midnight, the orderly sergeants of the "*Seventh*" passed quietly from tent to tent, roused the sleeping soldiers, and whispered, "Prepare to move out in one hour." At two a. m. the column was in motion. It was a still, moonlight night. The voices of laughter and song were hushed, the

clatter of hoofs in measured and solemn tread was all that broke the stillness of the midnight stars.

When the "Ohio boys" were ready to mount their horses next morning, the "Seventh" was dismounting on the banks of the Cumberland, awaiting the good pleasure of the ferrymen to transfer them to Nashville. The old ferry-boat was badly handled and badly out of fix. It consumed nearly the whole day to transfer our regiment and our wagon train.

On the eighteenth of March, Col. Wynkoop reported for duty to Brig. Gen. Negley, in command of the forces in and around Nashville. Our regiment marched through the streets of Nashville in column of fours, headed by a mounted band of musicians. The pavements on either side, and the doors and windows, were crowded with multitudes of negroes, smiling upon the "Yankees" with their mouths and eyes wide open; and intermingled with this cloud of witnesses was a fair sprinkling of white faces of women and children, from whose mouths were heard, here and there, mutterings of wrath, and from the eyes of haughty maidens in the upper windows shot daggers like forked lightning, followed by an occasional shower of labial expectoration. But the light of this cloud shone in the darkest faces, from whose ebon lips escaped the constant ejaculations of prayer and praise, "Bress de Lord!" "Moses am a comin' to deliber Isrel from bondage!" "Glory hallelujah!"

That night we went into camp in a beautiful grove on Franklin pike, three miles west of Nashville. The Ohio boys were obliged to bivouac on the north bank of the Cumberland. The grounds on which our camp was located were owned by a wealthy and influential citizen, whose son was a colonel in the Confederate army. According to the peace policy which was then in vogue, it became necessary, first of all, to detail a strong guard to protect the fonces, young timber, fish-pond, chicken-coop, horse-stable, negro-huts, and dog-kennel, belonging to this rich secessionist. To kindle a fire with a loose rail, to scare a chicken, or to look sideways at the tempting fish in the meadow, was an offense punishable with forty-eight hours on a dead beat, with the sharp edge of a rail on your shoulder. In consequence of this prohibitory law, our boys at times actually suffered for want of fire-wood, when an abundance of dry cedar rails were within arm's reach. In the year 1862 we protected this man's property; but in the winter of 1864, Hood's army camped on the same ground, and nothing from a rail to the upholstered furniture in his parlor was too sacred for the use of Confederate soldiers. A battery of heavy guns was planted in the yard, and a heavy line of breast-works was thrown up among the evergreens; the shrubbery was trampled under foot of man and horse, the fish-pond was dried up, the walls of the

handsome brick residence were riddled with cannon-shot; and when Hood retreated before the victorious army of Thomas, that once magnificent suburban residence lay in the dust, scorched and blasted by the besom of war in the hands of his own friends.

During the latter part of March, the roads leading south from Nashville were lined with columns of infantry and artillery moving toward Pittsburgh Landing. On the ninth of April the news of that desperate battle reached us. The disaster of the first day was retrieved by the gallant fighting of the second; but the impression made on our minds was, that the war was only rightly begun, and no fears were entertained that we should be mustered out before we should hear the *whiz* of a rebel bullet.

The country around Nashville was infested with bush-whackers, guerrillas, and detachments of Morgan's raiders. It was the business of our regiment, during the summer of 1862, to hunt up these fellows, and turn them over to the infantry garrison at Nashville. We had scarcely got rightly settled in this camp, called "Camp Worth," until the work commenced in good earnest. Almost daily an expedition was sent out to capture some rebel officers who were home on furlough, or to seize some contraband goods or arms belonging to the Confederate government.

On one of these expeditions it was my privilege

to accompany the adjutant, with fifteen men of company E. We reported at head-quarters in Nashville for instructions. We marched south on the Murfreesboro pike eight miles, then we turned east and proceeded nine or ten miles through dense forests, and over bad roads. At length we arrived at Mr. W 's residence. Information had come to head-quarters that the Confederates had left some clothing, arms, and pork, in his possession. One-half of the men stayed with the horses and stood guard, while the rest went into the house to search for the contraband goods.

The man of the house was absent. The adjutant then inquired of the lady if anything was left with them by the Confederate soldiers. She positively, and upon honor, declared that nothing was there. The unpleasant duty of searching the house was then imposed by the adjutant. The carpenter shop adjoining the house was first searched—nothing was found there but one pistol; then the upstairs of the house was inspected, and three dozen artillery collars were discovered; then the beds were examined, and sixty-eight pairs of drawers were concealed in the chaff-ticks. The lady almost fainted when the drawers were pulled out of their hiding-place and counted upon the floor. This family had two sons in the rebel army, but nothing was injured or molested that rightly belonged to them. The collars and the drawers were divided among the boys, and brought to camp.

On our way back we noticed a man leading a mule having a U S. brand on its shoulder. The man made his escape by running into the swamps. The mule was seized and brought to camp.

During the month of April the regiment was very much scattered. The first battalion was stationed at Franklin, Tennessee, the third was sent to Gallatin, and ours, the second battalion, remained in the vicinity of Nashville. The rebel General Morgan was threatening all these points with sudden incursions with his cavalry. Several times the alarm was given that Morgan was about to make a night attack on our camp. In a few minutes the battalion was in line, and headed by Col. Wynkoop, we charged down through the woods, across an open field, and formed line of battle a mile west of camp. With sabres drawn, each polished blade flashing in the moonlight, each fiery steed chafing his bit, we sat in silence, awaiting with pretended impatience the onslaught of Morgan's bloody troopers.

After a brief reconnoissance it was ascertained that the imagined troopers were nothing more than a few riderless mules and asses, amusing themselves in racing through the pasture. On our return to camp we were instructed to whet our swords to a keen edge, and keep our arms and accoutrements in readiness for any emergency.

In addition to the sabre, we were now equipped

with Smith's breech-loading carbine, and a six-shooter—called the "Savage"—revolver. Owing to the absence of the rest of the command, our duties increased with the supposed danger impending. For several weeks in succession the able-bodied men were required to go on picket duty every night. They were posted in squads, on the roads leading to Nashville, and from sunset to sunrise they were required to sit in the saddle with carbine advanced, and to keep the eye steadily fixed in the direction of the foe. No respite was permitted by way of relief. The night was spent in watching, and snatches of the day were seized upon for sleep. The nights were damp and chilly; with shivering limbs and longing eyes we welcomed with exultant joy the increasing light of the morning star. It was quite a relief from this dreadful monotony to have the enemy's scouts advance upon our outposts and exchange a few random shots with our pickets.

This unreasonable service began to tell unfavorably upon the health of some of our strongest and most faithful men;—men who would never shirk any duty, who would never ask to be excused unless they were unable to stand on their feet.

On the twenty-eighth of March, we buried Thaddeus Longwell, a Corporal of Company "E," who died of camp fever. John Hull, Wash. Smith, Henry Ohl, Benjamin Seyler, and others, were sent

to the hospital. The three former soon after died, and were buried in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Nashville. Wash. Smith was my tent-mate, and a noble Christian soldier he was. His only regret, in the hour of death, was that he could not breathe out his life in the bosom of his dear family

Henry Ohl was my school-mate, the companion of my youth. Before we enlisted he said to me—"If you will go to the army, I will go with you." The first four months his health was remarkably good. Suddenly he was cut down. After he was removed to the hospital in Nashville, I called to see him for the last time. He was very cheerful. He was then hopeful of a speedy recovery; but his mind was fully resigned to the will of providence. He was a good Christian boy, and a regular attendant of our camp prayer-meetings.

It would have been a sadder parting had we known that we should not see each other again. The next day we were sent out to intercept Morgan at Lebanon, and after an absence of five days we returned to find our friend and comrade already gone to his rest. It was with a sad and lonely heart that we sought his grave in the silent ranks of the dead. A sharp pang of bereavement shot through me, as I looked for the last time on the plain head-board, inscribed with his familiar name.

In closing this chapter the reader will pardon me for alluding to a few items of personal experience.

During the month of April it was my distinguished honor to receive the appointment of "post-messenger," to Adjutant Wynkoop. What duties were required in such a position I was not prepared to say; but as the office had sought the man, I presumed that my qualifications for the position had been fully considered, and therefore, without any special urging, I accepted the position. The first few days my duties were very light, consisting of a ride to town with the major and adjutant, and to hold their horses while they dismounted in front of general head-quarters.

In a few days the adjutant proposed also to utilize his "post-messenger" as a hostler. He set him to work washing and poulticing his sore-heeled horses. He sent him to the fields in search of fresh bovine excrement. For the sake of the suffering animals, the messenger obeyed the order. He brought the poultice, and applied it to the fevered joints. A few days later the orderly again accompanied the adjutant to town. He held the horses while the adjutant made his report at post-head-quarters. From here the adjutant visited several saloons, and soon became considerably intoxicated. When I urged him to return to camp, he ordered me to go instanter, and he would come when he was ready.

On my way to camp I resolved to be no longer "orderly," or "post-lackey"—I determined to re-

sume my place in the ranks. At eleven o'clock that night the adjutant rode up to my tent and called for his "orderly." He managed to dismount, but he was too drunk to stand straight.

"Orderly," said he, "take my horse and unsaddle him."

"No," said I, "I have decided to resign my position as your orderly"

"You go and unsaddle my horse," was the imperative command.

"No sir, I cannot do it."

"Why can't you do it?"

"Because it would be encouraging drunkenness in an officer if I should do it."

"Then you refuse to obey me?"

"Yes sir."

"Then I shall have you arrested and tied to a tree in less than five minutes."

With a swaggering gait he led his horse to the colonel's quarters; but when his father, the colonel, saw his condition, he was not disposed to give him any encouragement, He then staggered into Captain Schaeffer's tent, where he sought aid to enforce his order; but his efforts were fruitless, and at last he was obliged to unsaddle his horse himself.

Next morning he came up, like a gentleman, and apologized for his conduct, and urged me to retain my position. But the fascination attached to the office of "post-messenger" was broken—the charm

was completely annihilated by a few days' experience as "regimental groom." After a friendly conference in the adjutant's tent, we agreed to part good friends, and both we trust were wiser and better for having passed through this humiliating experience.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR FIRST FIGHT WITH MORGAN.

THE month of May opened with preparations for a vigorous campaign against armed rebellion in Middle Tennessee. The scattered battalions of our regiment were again consolidated. Those who had been left behind in the march through Kentucky, now rejoined their companies. Company "E" welcomed the arrival of Sergeant McGhee, Corporal Hays, and the recruits, Rishel, Logan, and Walker. The company was fully organized by electing Quartermaster Sergeant James Allison as successor to First Lieut. Leidy, resigned, and Sergeant John C. McGhee to succeed Second Lieut. H. H. Best, deceased.

Company "D" was also sadly bereft of its commissioned officers. Captain Brison, and First Lieut. Castles, died in Kentucky. Both were gallant officers, and their untimely death was deeply felt in the regiment. General Dumont was temporarily placed in command of the forces operating in Middle Tennessee.

At two a. m., on the third of May, the bugle sounded "To horse." Each man was provided with two days' rations, and forty rounds of ammuni-

tion. In a few hours the regiment was in the saddle, and at daybreak wheeled into line in front of Dumont's head-quarters.

The General was in possession of information that Morgan and Wood with eight hundred mounted men were scouring the country in the neighborhood of Murfreesboro. The general led the column in person, moving toward Murfreesboro by forced march; and being reinforced at Lavergne by detachments of the First and Fourth Kentucky cavalry, we pushed on to Murfreesboro, thirty-five miles, where we encamped for the night. Morgan's command was encamped only three miles southeast of Murfreesboro. Next morning, Sunday, Morgan moved by a circuitous route to Lebanon, the county seat of Wilson county, thirty miles northeast of Murfreesboro. Our scouts reported that he was moving upon Shelbyville. Dumont ordered a rapid reconnoissance in that direction. After a fruitless search of nine miles the mistake was discovered, the column countermarched, and headed for Lebanon in hot pursuit of the enemy.

Sunday night, we halted on the pike eight miles south of Lebanon. We held our horses by the rein, and slept a few hours on the broad side of a fence-rail. At four a. m., the order was passed quietly along the line to mount. The column moved slowly, until the advance struck the enemy's pickets; then the command was given to keep on the heels

of the pickets. Our advance charged into town only a few rods behind; but they were received by a volley from the Court House, and other buildings occupied by the enemy, so that they were speedily hurled back upon the main column, losing one man killed and several wounded.

The weather was anything but pleasant for the work in hand. It was cold, and a drizzling rain was falling. Our hands and arms were so benumbed that it took some time to limber up. There was no time to parley. Every minute lost at this point was so much gain to the enemy The bloody "Seventh" was ordered to lead the charge. With sabres flashing in air we galloped through the centre of the town, expecting to carve the enemy right and left; but after passing once through the gauntlet of fire from both sides of the street, we discovered that the sabre was a harmless weapon in that kind of a fight, so we began to unlimber our carbines and revolvers, and in the subsequent charges we exchanged volleys with the enemy in their various hiding places. The court house, hotels, blacksmith-shops, and many of the private houses, were full of armed men. During this street fight in the early dawn, Morgan was trying to make his escape. With three hundred picked men he determined to cut his way out. General Dumont discovered his intention in time to head his column, by leading the "Seventh" down a back alley and striking the

road going north, just as Morgan was passing at the head of his column. His men held their fire, and passed by the head of our column as friends. Their appearance was so much like Wolford's cavalry, that we mistook them for our own men.

Repeatedly the cry of the officers was heard, "Don't shoot; they are our own men." But it did not take long to dispel this delusion. When the rear of Morgan's column came up, and we saw the cornmeal sacks strapped on the saddles, and the grey-coats mounted on mules, we were no longer in doubt as to where they belonged. And immediately the Colonel ordered a *charge* with drawn swords. Company "C" was first, and "E" second. The head of our column at once penetrated the rear of Morgan's command. In a running fight of eighteen miles, several hundred prisoners were captured, heads were cut, horses were shot, men were injured by horses falling, and trampled under foot by the rushing cavalcade.

An Irishman in Company "E" swung his sword over the heads of the retreating fugitives, and yelling in his native brogue, "Will ye come into the Union neow?" and seeing no signs of immediate surrender, he hurled at them with herculean strokes, and knocked them right and left, saying, "I'll make ye's come into the Union."

For four years this irrepressible Hibernian passed unscathed through the thickest of every fight, and

our "Pat" never heard the last of his "*knocking the 'Rebs' into the Union.*"

In the midst of the running fight, a few miles from town, Captain Dart's horse fell over a mule lying in the road, pitching the rider to one side, and regaining his feet, sped like an arrow to the front of the retreating column. Morgan seeing this fleet-footed and riderless steed, leaped from his black pacer into the saddle of the frightened bay, leaving his favorite mare bare-footed and limping in the hands of his pursuers, and followed by a squad of sixteen men, he galloped to the banks of the Cumberland, boarded a flat-boat, abandoned all the horses except the captured bay, and when our advance came to the river, Morgan and his sixteen men stepped out of the boat on the farther shore, hurriedly leading up the bank the *disloyal horse* that had swam the river; and under a sharp volley of carbine shots, the notorious raider and his party disappeared in the thick underbrush. While the "Seventh" was thus dealing out its sabre-strokes on Morgan's retreating column, sixty-five Confederates, having secreted themselves in Odd Fellows' Hall, unexpectedly opened fire upon a small force under Colonel Duffield, who were left in town to care for the wounded. Having rallied his men, Colonel Duffield advanced, under cover of the house, to close range, and by a well-directed fire compelled the enemy to surrender. Among this party were six commissioned officers.

At the close of this fight, General Dumont sent the following dispatch from Lebanon to the "Nashville Union" of May seventh, eighteen hundred and sixty-two:

"I surprised and attacked the enemy under Colonels Morgan and Wood this morning (May 5, 1862), at four o'clock, at this place (Lebanon, Tennessee), and, after a hard-fought battle of one hour and a half, and a running fight of eighteen miles in pursuit, achieved a complete and substantial victory. My force was about six hundred, composed of Col. Wynkoop's Seventh Pennsylvania and detachments of the First and Fourth Kentucky Cavalry. That of the enemy, as stated by himself, was upwards of eight hundred; besides which, the disloyal inhabitants, not in the army, opened a murderous fire upon our soldiers from their houses, and kept it up until all the organized forces of the enemy had fled or were captured. The forces on either side were exclusively mounted. I captured about two hundred prisoners, among whom is Lieut. Col. Wood, late of the United States Army, three captains, four lieutenants, one hundred and fifty horses, and one hundred stand of arms. Our killed will not exceed six, and our wounded, twenty-five. Colonels Smith and Wolford were slightly wounded. Major Diven, of the Seventh Pennsylvania, fell into the hands of the enemy during the street fight, by mistaking them for our troops. In this little affair, intrepidity and personal daring were conspicuous throughout."

Four commissioned officers in the "Seventh" were wounded by bullets and sabre thrusts. Adjutant Mosier was wounded in the arm, and had twenty bullet holes through his rubber dolman.

Lieutenant Taylor had a sabre-cut across his forehead.

My company had only one man killed, Adam Winkleblech. He was a good soldier, but a man of very peculiar religious views. He had frequently entertained his bunk-mates with his strange and fanciful expositions of Scripture. His favorite text was the seventh verse of the ninety-first psalm: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

This security he fancied for himself, and seemed to think that no bullet was moulded for him, and that he would be the last to fall. But how often, in the unfoldings of Providence, "the last shall be first!"

A few others of our company were slightly wounded. A number of horses were shot. On the first charge through town, mine received a shot in the flank. He held the bit between his teeth and sprang forward as if maddened by the scent of powder. He was a white-faced sorrel, and as stubborn as a mule. If you wanted him to oblique to the right, he was sure to bear to the left. If you wanted him to halt, he was determined to go on. He had passed through a number of hands. Sergeant Bricker rode him on the march through Kentucky. He was handsome, and tough as whalebone. When the writer was promoted to "post-

messenger," this white-faced sorrel was recommended as just the horse for that kind of service. He rode very well as long as he was in company with other horses, but when you attempted to start out alone he wouldn't start. He would side up against a tree or a fence-rail, and nothing short of a thunderbolt would move him. My friend, the Adjutant, took a fancy to the horse, and proposed to break him of his foolish capers. He rode the horse to Nashville once ; and after that he had no more use for him. His sore shins, which he got by rubbing against sign-posts and street-carts, helped him to remember this fruitless experiment.

Knowing, therefore, the disposition of the beast I was riding, it is no wonder that in the midst of this wild and furious onslaught I should be filled with mortal fears that this unmanageable charger would take it into his head to dash through the ranks of the enemy single-breasted. This refractory war-horse recovered from his wound, and passed through a number of hands before he landed in the bone-yard.

CHAPTER VII.

SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

AFTER the battle, the "Seventh" returned to their camp at Nashville. Frequent alarms were given of the threatening attitude of the enemy We were under strict orders to be ready to leap into the saddle at a moment's warning. In the latter part of May, it was reported that Morgan and Floyd, with seven thousand men, were contemplating an attack on our garrison at Murfreesboro. Our battalion at once moved to Lavergne, where we were reinforced by two hundred of the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry Here we remained for several hours, when we counter-marched—the report having been proven groundless. The weather was delightful. Farmers were in the midst of haymaking. The noise of the mower was heard in every direction.

The first week in June, our battalion was ordered out with two days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition, under command of Lieut. Col. Sipes. In the afternoon we crossed the Cumberland river in ferry-boats. We took a northwest course, under the guide of a "Tennessee Scout." The clouds began to thicken over our heads. All night long

we marched through a drenching rain. It was a night of Egyptian darkness, made hideous by the frequent lightning and thunder. The road led through dismal forests, over hills, through swamps and creeks. One member of Company "K" was badly bruised by his horse falling on him. Next morning we arrived in a small village called Coopertown. Here we halted and fed. The citizens invited us to breakfast with them. From three to twenty were distributed to each house. After the command had breakfasted, Lieut. Allison, with a squad of Company "E," who had been sent in advance, came back with a prisoner and twenty good rifles. The prisoner was a gunsmith, and had been manufacturing arms for the rebel army. He was taken to Nashville, and the rifles were distributed among the *Union men* of Coopertown and vicinity.

The following letter of "Dragoon" was written for the *Clinton Democrat*, on the 21st of June, 1862, from "Camp Worth," Nashville.

"MR. EDITOR.—As this is the longest day of the year, I will remember it by writing a short letter to the *Democrat.*

"We have just returned from a two weeks' expedition in Eastern Tennessee. Our battalion started from Nashville with two regiments of infantry and two sections of artillery. At Murfreesboro we were joined by two additional regiments of infantry, the First and Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The entire

force was estimated at four thousand. We led the advance from Murfreesboro, toward McMinnville, where the enemy was reported in force and strongly entrenched.

"Three hundred of Forest's cavalry had been at Readsville, twelve miles east of Murfreesboro, a few days before, where they captured fifty-two prisoners and killed three of our men. Twenty-three of the prisoners were members of the third battalion of our regiment. The captured party had been on a *scout;* they were on their way back with a number of prisoners. At Readesville they stopped to breakfast; and, while thus engaged, the enemy surrounded them like the Irishman did the Hessians.

"We marched day and night. The advance charged into McMinnville and captured a few of the rear-guard of the enemy. The next objective point was Pikeville, thirty miles east of McMinnville, across the Cumberland mountains. The road was almost impassable for artillery and wagons, but we crossed the mountain in the night, and next morning charged into Pikeville. A few scattering gray-coats were surprised and captured without a fight."

That *night in the mountains*, we shall never forget. It was the most tedious and vexatious march we had in all the four years. The column would move a few hundred yards, and then halt. The boys would dismount, and in less than a minute would lie on the ground sound asleep. The next minute the bugle would sound "To horse." This tormenting and jerking movement was kept up the live-long night. Many of the boys would gladly have given a month's wages for one solid hour of uninterrupted sleep. It was the third night that we had spent almost wholly in the saddle. In the

morning a goodly number were bare-headed, having lost their hats in napping and nodding on their horses.

At Pikeville, the Union people flocked into our camp to welcome the "Yankees." Young men offered themselves to join our army; old men urged their sons to enlist. The spirit of Parson Brownlow was prevalent in that section of Tennessee. We came away with ten recruits for the bloody "Seventh."

We returned from this tiresome and dusty expedition without any serious engagement with the enemy.

During the month of July, General Nelson assumed command of the Federal troops at Murfreesboro. A considerable force of infantry and cavalry was concentrated at this point to protect the left flank of Buell's army

General Nelson was the Goliath of our army. He towered head and shoulders above his fellows. He was massive. His average weight was about three hundred pounds. He rode a mammoth black; and, when he marched at the head of his columns, he looked like Hannibal on an elephant. He was as arbitrary and dictatorial as a Mogul chief. His breast was a magazine of passion, ready to be touched off by the slightest provocation. When thoroughly enraged, he stormed like a tornado on legs.

One night his whole command was under arms to await an attack of the enemy. The cavalry halted in column on the pike. The word passed along the line: "Nelson is coming. Clear the way" That meant "Right and left into the fence corners—march."

A Lieutenant of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, took it into his head that Nelson had no better right to the road than he had, and he proposed to stand his ground. Nelson ordered him to clear the way; the Lieutenant refused to move a peg. The general drew his sword; he struck at the officer, and would have carved him into mince-meat if he had not beat a hasty retreat.

Next day the general was riding in the midst of an infantry column, marching at "right shoulder shift." A soldier in front of the general was carrying his musket somewhat carelessly; the bayonet pointed dangerously near the general's tender stomach. Uttering a few mastiff growls, he seized the bayonet and hurled the soldier and his musket into the nearest fence-corner, leaving him there to pick himself up as best he could.

On one occasion while our regiment was occupying the outposts on the banks of Stone river, an order came at midnight, to report immediately at his head-quarters in Murfreesboro. In a short time the regiment was in the saddle, moving toward town. For miles the clatter of hoofs was heard on

the pike. The inside pickets were not apprised of our coming, and consequently they mistook us for the enemy.

When we came within range of their carbines, they fired a volley into the head of our column, but fortunately every bullet passed over us without doing any hurt. The cavalry pickets retreated to the infantry outposts, and at once the "long roll" was sounded; and in a few minutes the whole command was under arms, and the general in his saddle, giving directions for a bold defense. When the facts were reported at head-quarters, the general raved and fumed like a madman.

"Send those horse-thieves back to where they came from," was his peremptory order. With a few unsavory compliments for General Nelson, we counter-marched, and the same night returned to the camp we had deserted a few hours before. About this time, it was my fortune to receive the appointment as *orderly* to General Nelson. This gave me still a better opportunity to study this strange phenomenon in military circles. On the twenty-fifth of July, a few of his escort accompanied him a few miles out of town, in order to review a few infantry regiments. After the general had taken his position, the command prepared to march in review. A corps of drummer boys headed the column. By some misunderstanding, the drummers halted in front of the general, giving no room for

the column to pass, and thus blocking the way. Nelson had no patience for such blunders, and instantly thrusting the spurs into his horse, he charged on the drummers, scattering them in every direction, then, turning to the colonel, he denounced him as an ignoramus, and threatened to divest him of his "shoulder-straps."

In the latter part of July, we accompanied him in an expedition to McMinnville and Sparta. From McMinnville he sent six of his escort with a dispatch to Manchester. The distance was twenty-six miles southwest. Outside of our picket lines the country was infested with bush-whackers and guerrillas. The general's instructions were to move as rapidly as possible, and if any of our horses gave out, we should seize any horses we could find along the route. We left McMinnville at eight in the morning, and rode into Manchester at twelve, noon. Resting our horses over night, we rode back next day. We stopped to dine with a rebel citizen. His colored servants informed us that thirty guerrillas were secreted in the woods a few miles distant. We kept our carbines at our side while sitting at the table, regaling our appetites on corn-bread and sorghum.

The shiny-faced cook whispered to one of the boys—that "massa did'nt give the best he had to the Yankees." She showed him a dozen or more loaves of wheat-bread in the out-kitchen, and a bin

full of smoked hams. The sight of *these* was too tempting for the young man, and without asking permission he seized a loaf and a ham, and carried them with him to camp. The next day the command moved toward Sparta. The roads were exceedingly heavy for wagons and artillery. During the day Nelson rode to the rear to see how the artillery was getting up the steep hills. He found all the teams in the first battery stuck on a hill-side. He ordered me to bring him a rocking-chair from a house near by; and there, on the brow of the hill, he sat watching the novel performance of the teamsters. He said it was as good as a circus to see the drivers yelling and whipping as if Beelzebub was after them. Finally he took command himself. He forbid any of the drivers to open his mouth—he proposed to do the yelling himself. After resting the horses, he gave directions to each driver to lay on the whip, when *he* (the general) gave the "yell." No sooner was the clarion voice of Nelson heard, than the horses laid in their traces and galloped to the top of the hill without stopping.

A little farther on we came to a wagon in the middle of the road with a broken tongue. The teamster was sitting in a fence-corner near at hand, leisurely drinking his coffee. The general inquired how he came to break the tongue. The teamster wished to drink his coffee before it would cool, and therefore seemed to be in no particular hurry to

make reply. The general swore furiously, and turning his flashing eye upon the "orderly," said—"You draw your sword and cut that scoundrel's head off!" Upon making a few harmless gesticulations, the teamster stood trembling under the eye of Nelson.

That same day we received orders to countermarch, and return to Murfreesboro. Soon after this Nelson was sent to Louisville, where he met his tragic death. At last this bantering Goliath met his David. To those acquainted with his disposition, it was no surprise. He was a brave officer. At Pittsburg Landing he shamed the fugitives by saying: "If the rebels cannot hit me, they cannot hit a hay-stack."

His valuable services in that memorable battle will never be forgotten by a grateful people, and it will always be a source of regret that so gallant an officer had to fall by the pistol shot of one of our own generals.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORAGING IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

IN the latter part of August, Bragg threw his army across the Tennessee; and, by forced marches, accomplished the invasion of Kentucky

Our mounted force was sent to Gallatin to intercept the enemy's advance. The "Seventh" made a gallant sabre-charge on the enemy's cavalry, and drove them through the streets of Gallatin. But not being properly supported on right and left, the enemy threw a heavy force into the rear, and threatened to capture the entire command. A portion of the command surrendered, while the "Seventh" and detachments of the First and Fourth Kentucky cut their way out, and retreated to Nashville in good order.

During the first dash into Gallatin, the Adjutant was shot from his horse while riding beside his father, Colonel Wynkoop. Little "*Nic*" was a brave officer, and the little altercation I had with him made me think all the more seriously concerning his sudden death. He several times had the opportunity to avenge himself against me, but he rather embraced the occasion to do me a kindness. Several times he selected me out of a detail of soldiers, and placed me in command of the rest.

During the early summer he took a squad of ten men on a night excursion to capture a few guerrillas in the neighborhood of Gallatin. He sent one man with me as an advance guard. Next morning he passed the bottle to all the boys but one, saying in a whisper: "That fellow does not believe in drinking whisky" Only a few days before he was killed he said to me: "D——, I am trying to be a better man."

Bragg's advance upon Louisville necessitated the withdrawal of all the available troops from Tennessee.

Buell had determined on evacuating Nashville, but Andy Johnson, the war governor, was determined to hold it. He asked for a small force to garrison the city.

While this decision was pending, the governor asked the fighting parson, Col. Moody, of the Seventy-fourth Ohio, if he believed in prayer. When the Colonel replied in the affirmative: "Then get down on your knees," said Johnson, "and pray that Nashville may not be given over to the enemy." Both knelt together; Moody prayed with all the fervor that a Methodist preacher can command, and Johnson responded, "*Amen!*"

Lincoln tells the story that Johnson would not acknowledge that he was a praying man, and said to Moody, "I'll be *cussed* before the rebels get Nashville."

The request was granted, and General Negley was assigned to the command of the union forces at Nashville. Two divisions of infantry and one brigade of cavalry constituted the garrison. Bragg had left Breckenridge's corps behind to invest Nashville, and if possible compel a surrender of the town.

At once defensive operations began. Forts were built on the most commanding positions. Fortifications were hastily constructed. All the roads leading to the city were strongly barricaded. The handsome State House was barricaded on all sides by cotton bales. So formidable were the defenses of Nashville, that the enemy considered it a useless slaughter to make an assault upon the works. They therefore busied themselves in harrassing our foraging trains. We were dependent on the surrounding country for meat and forage. For sixty days we were cut off from all communication with the North, and completely isolated from the rest of the army For several weeks the enemy remained very quiet; and, as a consequence, our train escorts became very careless. Wheeler's cavalry had attacked a train on the Murfreesboro pike, and were so handsomely repulsed that it was taken for granted that they would not try it again soon.

On the 20th of September, a detail of thirty men was made from the "Seventh" to guard a forage train. My bunk-mate, Oliver Mantle, was on the

detail; but, owing to ill-health, he requested me to take his place, which I cheerfully consented to do.

The train, consisting of twelve wagons and thirty mounted men as an escort, were placed in command of Lieut. Garret. No precaution was taken to have the men well-armed or well-mounted. More than one-third of the men had left their carbines behind. Some had forgotten their sabres and revolvers. Thus imperfectly equipped, we ventured beyond our picket lines. We went out nine miles on the Franklin pike, to Brentwood. Here the road forked. We took the left-hand road and proceeded four miles further, where we found abundance of corn and hay. All was quiet; all was lovely; the wagons were loaded; the boys filled their pockets with apples; the Lieutenant congratulated himself on our good fortune. After giving the owner a government certificate for the corn and hay, he ordered the train to move out toward Nashville. Four of Company "E" were sent forward as an advance-guard. When we neared the town of Brentwood, we met a lady in a carriage. We inquired of her if she knew of any armed guerrillas in the neighborhood. She said, "No." However, that was no evidence that it was true. We advanced within a few hundred yards of the town; the wagons were scattered along for half a mile; the men were still farther in the rear, driving some beef-cattle. The lieutenant in command was eating his dinner at a private house.

The advance guard consisted of Nathan Harvey, Parker Allen, Benjamin Motter, and myself. We looked ahead and the streets were clear, but an ominous stillness seemed to overhang the town. The silence was quickly broken by a sharp "*yell*" in the grove to the left. In an instant one hundred and fifty mounted guerillas dashed into the road in front of us. We held them in check a few minutes by emptying our revolvers into the head of the enemy's column. Harvey was mortally wounded, and was obliged to dismount. The rest of us fell back to the rear of the wagon-train, where we expected to meet the rest of the command and there make a determined stand. The enemy's advance followed close upon our heels; and when I wheeled my horse at the rear of the train, a rebel had his gun leveled upon me. We both fired about the same time. Whether my shot took effect I do not know—but one thing I know, that about that time I felt the sting of four "buck-shot" in my thigh.

There was no time to be lost; one minute more, and I must be a prisoner or a dead man. I did not choose to be either. Putting spurs to the horse with my left foot, I dashed to the brow of the hill, where a squad of our men were halting between two opinions. Eight men were rallied at this point: with sabres drawn they determined to charge the enemy and recapture the wagons, but after receiving a volley from the enemy, out-numbering us five to

one, we quickly decided that discretion was the better part of valor. We retreated, not to say in good order, but with the utmost speed. The enemy was between us and Nashville, and how to make our escape was now the burning question. Already one-half of our men were in the hands of the enemy, and to proceed in the direction we were going would only land us farther in the enemy's country

To a sergeant on my right, I said, "Let us take the first road leading to the right;" "Agreed," said he. No sooner was this said, than we came to an open road on the right leading through a dense woods. Down this road we dashed, followed by two others of our command. We crossed over to the Franklin pike, but as it led through Brentwood, we did not deem it safe to return on that road; so we inquired of a negro near at hand, who was waiting to tell us, what road to take to reach the Hillsboro pike.

We found the way without much difficulty. We met some women, who were eager to learn the results of the skirmish. Not waiting to answer any questions, we inquired if they had seen any rebels in the neighborhood; that we were after them. The sergeant was also wounded in the shoulder, and considering our circumstances, we would much rather be after the rebels than to have them after us. When we reached the Hillsboro pike, we headed for Nashville. The boys insisted on my

dismounting and riding on a wagon that was going that way We were now ten miles from our camp, and by no means out of danger. I proposed to stick to my horse. We galloped down the pike a short distance till we came to a blacksmith shop surrounded with a dozen saddled horses. We presumed the men were in the shop and would give us a volley as we passed, then mount and capture what was left of us. But not a man showed his head, and we were glad—neither did we stop to inquire where they had gone. At sunset we rode into camp, only two of the horses able to move faster than a walk. From the time we had the fight we rode seventeen miles. Only four out of the thirty escaped with their horses. A few of the teamsters got back by hunting their way through the woods on foot. The rest were captured and run off to Columbia, where they were paroled. After the surgeon had examined my wounds, he sent me, by ambulance, to hospital No. 8, in Nashville. Here I remained one month for repairs. The doctor, with his scalpel, liberated a few of the shots, but one he failed to find with his probe; it had imbedded itself behind the bone, "and," said the doctor, "you may carry that as a souvenir of your lucky escape."

Among the first to visit me, in the hospital, was Oliver Mantle, in whose stead I had gone with the train. He seemed to think my wound should have

been his. Poor fellow! he did not know that his time to go to the hospital, to suffer and to die, was so near at hand. The day after I returned to the regiment, Oliver was sent to the hospital to die of typhoid fever. We missed Oliver. He was always jovial, always generous. He was rough-spoken at times, but there was no bitterness in his heart. Nothing delighted him more than to charge into a flock of geese or turkeys, to clip their heads with the edge of the sword as neatly as you would snuff a candle, and then to divide the slaughtered poultry among the boys.

During the thirty days that I was in the hospital, eight men were carried to the grave out of my ward. It was enough to make a man think of dying. One characteristic of the dying soldiers was particularly noticeable; those who embraced the Christian faith passed away peacefully, and with an expression of triumph on their lips, while others without this anchor of the soul, seemed tempest-tossed, and at last sunk unwillingly and despairingly into the embrace of death.

A Christian soldier in a bunk on my right talked sweetly of home, of Christ, and of heaven; in the evening his life was fast ebbing away; next morning we found him "asleep in Jesus." The next night an artillery man on my left was terrified at the thought that he must die; he groaned and cursed, he struggled with a mighty adversary, and

at last from mere exhaustion passed under the cloud.

In my pious enthusiasm I employed my leisure hours in composing a "tract" entitled the "*Soldier's Guide.*" In it I endeavored to show the reasonableness and importance of making "our calling and election sure." Five hundred copies were printed in the office of the "*Nashville Union,*" and were distributed by myself and others, in camp and hospital. By permission, I attended a revival service a number of evenings in the Methodist Church, conducted by Chaplain Losier. It was principally attended by soldiers, and many officers and men professed conversion. About the second night, the writer was detailed to talk to the mourners; but as he was a new hand at this business, he was unable to throw much light in the way of sinners.

His presence did not help the meeting, but the meeting helped him. To see a number of captains and colonels take a decided stand for Christ, made him stronger in his determination to follow the Master.

After the defeat of Bragg in Kentucky, the enemy began to invest Nashville more closely. In order to protect our supply trains, it became necessary to push back the outposts of the enemy.

Accordingly on the seventh of October, General Negley moved out on the Murfreesboro pike, with

two thousand infantry, six hundred cavalry, and four guns. At Lavergne, fifteen miles south of Nashville, he attacked the enemy, three thousand strong, and after a spirited battle of thirty minutes, the enemy was completely routed, with a loss of eighty killed and wounded, one hundred and seventy-five prisoners, with three guns and the colors of a regiment.

In this brilliant affair the "Seventh" was hotly engaged, and lost several brave men. John Brown, of Company "E.," was instantly killed. Sergeant Darrah was wounded in the shoulder, and sent to a neighboring hospital.

On the twenty-first of October, just one year from the time we entered Camp Cameron, Harrisburg, I received my discharge from the hospital, and returned to my place in the ranks. My favorite horse, "Shotty," that had carried me so smoothly on the ride from McMinnville to Manchester, and delivered me from the clutches of the enemy at Brentwood, was now suffering from a sore back, and was sent to the horse-corral for treatment.

In a few days the command was ordered out on the Franklin pike, to feel the force of the enemy that was threatening the city from that direction.

General Negley commanded in person. The enemy made an assault on our lines, and were repulsed with considerable loss. The artillery fir-

ing was very heavy on both sides. The shells and solid shot cut through the tree-tops at a fearful rate.

Several blunders were committeed by officers, who were at the time under the influence of liquor. It is a sad fact, and yet it must be admitted, that drunkenness among the officers lead to the unnecessary sacrifice of many a man, and many a dollar, in the early part of the war. Fortunately, our forces were withdrawn from the enemy's front without any serious loss.

About this time General Rosecrans superseded Buell, and began to concentrate his army at Nashville, in preparation for a pitched battle. Almost daily skirmishes took place with the enemy's pickets. Two companies of the Forty-ninth Michigan infantry were deceived by a flag of truce, and captured, during a heavy rain-storm, while on picket duty on the Murfreesboro pike. Our battalion was sent out to take their place for twenty-four hours. We sat in the saddle night and day, with carbine advanced, and frequently exchanged shots with the enemy's pickets.

It may not be unworthy of note to state that the writer, during his convalescence in the hospital, was promoted to the honorable position of *eighth corporal*. The honor doubtless was conferred for gallantry in running away from, and not for fighting the enemy This position had been offered

him at Harrisburg, when the company was organized; but he, with others of his comrades, foolishly supposed that some military qualifications were necessary to hold an office. Besides all this, the captain happened to be a near relative, and by accepting so important a position at his hands, it might be said of him that he was partial to his own nephew. But after a year's service in the ranks, being thoroughly peppered with shot, and having made a masterly retreat, the writer received the appointment without a murmur on the part of the boys. The road to military glory was now open to the writer, and the *stars* shone propitious in the horizon of the future.

On Saturday night, November the eighth, it fell to my lot to serve as corporal of the camp-guard. The regiment was camped on the Franklin pike, in close proximity to the enemy's pickets. The corporal had strict orders to see that all the lights be put out, and that perfect quiet be maintained in camp after ten o'clock that night. The order was strictly obeyed, except in the colonel's quarters.

At about midnight, the sentinel in front of the colonel's quarters took sick, and called for a supernumerary to take his place. There were no supernumeraries provided, and therefore the corporal relieved the sick man, and walked the beat himself. For twenty minutes he walked back and forth, lis-

tening to the drinking, cursing, carousing, and card-playing in the colonel's tent. The colonel and five other commissioned officers were engaged in this midnight revelry. The thought flashed on the mind of the corporal, "Is it right for a soldier of the United States of America, to stand guard over a gambling institution?"

Without weighing the consequences, as an older head would do, he walked to the tent, separated the canvass, and said: "Gentlemen, my instructions, as 'corporal of the guard,' require me to maintain good order in camp, and I am sorry to say that the conduct in this tent is unbecoming the officers of our regiment."

The colonel rose to his feet, and grasping the hilt of his sword, said: "Who are you, you impudent scoundrel?"

"I am the sentinel walking the beat in front of your quarters, sir," said the corporal.

"I shall have you tied up by the thumbs for forty-eight hours, you rascal," said the colonel.

"I had rather be tied up for a month than to stand guard over a gambling-table," said the corporal, upon resuming his beat.

A council of adminstration was immediately convened to dispose of the refractory corporal. In a few minutes the adjutant appeared with a flag of truce, proposing to quash the whole matter, and say nothing more about it; but the corporal, having his

"dutch" up, reasserted his original declaration that he would rather suffer the penalty

Another council was held in the now very quiet sanctum, after which the adjutant again appeared, with instructions to send the intruder to his quarters, there to await further orders.

Next morning Captain Schaeffer was summoned to the colonel's tent, and received a written order to have that insolent corporal reduced to the ranks. "That man will murder," said the colonel, "I could see it in his eye." It was no use for the captain to say that he had known the young man from his boyhood, and could vouch for his harmless disposition. "His stripes must come off," said the colonel. Fortunately, the young corporal had not yet donned the stripes.

A number of the commissioned officers of the regiment, such as Major Dart, Captain Schaeffer, Lieutenants Greno, Herman, Hayes and others, urged that the case be appealed to General Negley But the writer discouraged such an appeal for two reasons: first, because it would be next to impossible for a private soldier to get justice in such a case, before a court and jury composed of commissioned officers; and second, the office of a corporal was a bone with so little meat on it, that it was not worth fighting over.

The colonel was a brave man in battle, but entirely too fond of whiskey. He soon after resigned

and returned to his home in Pottsville, leaving the regiment in command of his nephew, Major John Wynkoop.

Disease also did its deadly work in our company during the latter part of the summer. Corporal John Hull succumbed at last to chronic diarrhœa. A truer soldier never drew a sword, than "Captain John." His manly form, for many months, stood as the right-hand post, on which the company formed line at roll-call.

Corporal John Eyre died in his tent, of typhoid fever. These were laid beside their comrades in the Soldier's Cemetery at Nashville.

The following members of Company "E" were elected to fill the vacancies in the list of corporals: Daniel Herr, better known as "Buster," John Rhoades, and George Adams.

A number of new recruits joined our company in the fall of sixty-two, consisting of George and Isaac Smith, S. B. Jobson, J. P Haslett, W C. Hughes, T. R. Dennis, B. Catherman, Lewis Catherman, and Q. A. Brown. These recruits arrived in time to engage in the "*Battle of Stone River.*"

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

THE withdrawal of the enemy from Kentucky, after the battle of Perryville, exposed Nashville to the assault of the combined forces under Bragg and Breckenridge.

The advance of Rosecrans' army under McCook and Crittenden, relieved Nashville from siege, to the great disappointment of the enemy, who several times had arrogantly demanded its surrender.

Early in November, Rosecrans established his head-quarters at Nashville. At once he turned his attention to the equipment and re-organization of his army

He assigned to General Thomas the command of the "centre," comprising the divisions of Rousseau, Negley, Dumont, Fry, and Palmer; to McCook, the "right wing," consisting of the divisions of Davis, Johnson, and Sheridan; the "left wing" was placed in command of Crittenden, comprising the divisions of Wood, Smith and Van Cleve. General D. S. Stanley was appointed chief of cavalry.

The first brigade consisted of the Seventh Penn-

sylvania, the Third Kentucky, and the Fourth Michigan, Colonel Minty commanding.

The second brigade consisted of the First, Third, and Fourth Ohio, Colonel Zahm commanding.

The cavalry in reserve, under Stanley's immediate command, was the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, known as the "Anderson Troop," the First and Second Tennessee, a Battalion of the Third Indiana, Battery "D" of the First Ohio Artillery, and the Fourth U S. Cavalry, body-guard to General Rosecrans.

On Friday morning, December twenty-sixth, the Army of the Cumberland was put in motion toward Murfreesboro. The weather was damp and cold. The "*Old Seventh*" led the advance all day on the Murfreesboro road. Heavy skirmishing commenced about ten miles from Nashville. The enemy's pickets fired from stables and cedar thickets. Two of our battalion were wounded early in the day. At Lavergne, fifteen miles from Nashville, the "*Johnnies*" made their first stand. A brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery, belonging to Crittenden's corps, were ordered to the front. Our guns opened on the enemy's artillery, and the infantry advanced into the woods to the right of the village. A sharp engagement followed, resulting in the capture of some prisoners, and in driving the enemy from his strong position. Night closed the

scene. It was disagreeable to bivouac on the open field. It rained during the greater part of the night. Next morning (Saturday) the enemy had disappeared in force. Owing to the heavy condition of the roads, the centre and right wings of the army were retarded in their progress. The resistance on the part of the enemy seemed more *stubborn* on the right than in our immediate front. We advanced only four miles beyond Lavergne, and camped in front of the enemy Saturday night.

On Sunday, the whole army rested. Nothing disturbed the peaee and quiet, but the occasional shots fired by the enemy's pickets.

At daylight Monday, the army moved forward. Every foot of ground was stubbornly contested. Our cavalry, deployed in line of battle, and supported by infantry, advanced through cornstalks, woods, and streams. Heavy cannonading was going on to our right on the Nolensville pike. Detachments of Hardee's corps were resisting the advance of our right wing. The "Anderson Troop," the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, pushed the enemy at full charge for six miles, on the Nolensville pike. A heavy loss was suffered, however, late in the evening, in an unfortunate attack upon two regiments of infantry in ambush. Major Rosengarten and six men were killed, and Major Ward and five men were wounded.

Tuesday, the thirtieth, was busily occupied in

driving the enemy behind their breastworks, and into their rifle-pits in front of Stone River. The divisions of Davis and Sheridan had severe fighting to do in order to get into position on the right of Negley. Before night-fall, our army was in line of battle, covering a distance, from flank to flank, from four to five miles. Crittenden's corps occupied the left, resting on Stone River, Thomas' in the centre, and McCook's on the right, resting on the Franklin road. Confronting this line of battle was Bragg's whole army, consisting of three corps, aggregating about sixty-five thousand men. Breckenridge's confronted Crittenden, Polk's corps opposed our centre, and Hardee's corps confronted our right wing. Both armies lay upon their arms that night within gun-shot of each other, waiting for the dawn of the last day of the year, which should witness one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

That night the commanding generals of both armies had in mind the same identical plan of battle. Rosecrans proposed to cross Stone River on the left, and drive Breckenridge before him through the streets of Murfreesboro. Bragg was massing his forces on *his* left, proposing to rout McCook, and bag the whole Federal army in the fork of Stone river and Overall creek.

At daybreak of that memorable Wednesday, the battle opened in dead earnest on the extreme right.

The "Seventh" was hastily detailed to form a line of couriers in rear of the battle front, for the purpose of conveying messages from one wing of the army to the other, and to stop stragglers from skulking to the rear. Rosecrans had already crossed the river with two divisions, and was preparing for a vigorous assault on the enemy's right, when the battle opened on our extreme right. The heavy cannonading caused Rosecrans to halt, and inquire into the issues of the battle. Soon it became manifest that our right wing was yielding ground before the advancing columns of the enemy. Our lines seemed to melt into the earth before the terrific fire of overwhelming numbers. We shall never forget the awful scene presented in the cedar woods in the rear of Sheridan and Negley's divisions. Stragglers first appeared, who reported that the whole army was annihilated. We tried to stop them, but you might as well try to stop a herd of buffaloes in the midst of a hail-storm. They were routed, and they defied the whole Union army to stop them. Next came the wounded men, with bloody faces and mangled limbs. The enemy was close behind. The air was shrieking with shot and shell. The shower of minie balls was cutting the limbs and the bark from the trees. A number of the wounded huddled together in a kettle-shaped hollow or depression in the wood, where they were partially sheltered from the leaden hail that was

mowing down everything before it. A road was hastily cut through the cedars with axes and hatchets, and portions of Sheridan's artillery were taken to the rear on a full gallop. The wheels striking the stumps, cannons and caissons seemed to be flying in mid-air. The enemy pushed forward rapidly, and seemed to be irresistible. To an observer on this part of the field, everything seemed to be lost. Sheridan had lost all his brigade commanders, his men were out of ammunition, the enemy had gained his rear, and now there was no alternative but to fall back to a new position.

The first man the writer saw after emerging from the cedar thicket, was Rousseau, riding among the teams which had camped in an open field between the woods and the Murfreesboro pike. His voice was heard clear and distinct above the din of battle, crying: "*Clear this field: on this ground the battle must be fought!*"

The teamsters, for once, got up in a hurry. They mounted the saddle-mule, cracked the whip, and off they went up the pike, four wagons abreast, on a full charge.

In ten minutes the field was cleared. Colonel Shepherd's brigade of regulars lay on their breasts with muskets in hand just at the edge of the woods. Thomas planted three batteries on the hill a short distance in the rear, supported by infantry. Beatty's brigade threw their knapsacks on a pile, and lay

down in rear of the guns. The exultant enemy soon emerged from the wood and fell under the fire of Rousseau's division. The brigade of regulars quivered under the shock. The men were loading and firing while lying on the ground; Colonel Shepherd was riding his horse along the line, cheering his men. The sight was truly sublime. The writer can never forget that officer. His manly form is imaged forever on memory's page, and his name shall be cherished as one of the noblest heroes of the war. His promotion to Brigadier-General for gallant service on this day, and in this critical hour, was well deserved. The guns on the hill were double-shotted with grape and canister, and when the enemy came in close range they poured death and terror into the advancing columns, sweeping down whole platoons at a single discharge.

But the charging lines closed up the gap, and, intoxicated by former victory, advanced again and again to the assault of Thomas' corps. Rousseau instructed his men to reserve their fire from the enemy until they could see the "white of their eyes."

For the fourth time the enemy was repulsed, and driven back to the woods at the point of the bayonet.

After a brief lull in the battle, the assault was renewed farther to the left, in front of "Round Forest," which was the key to Rosecrans' position.

Polk's corps, with reinforcements from Breckenridge, were hurled repeatedly against this position. Rosecrans knew the importance of holding this point. He superintended its defence in person. At a critical moment, when our lines began to waver, he rode up to a brigade, composed largely of Irish Catholics, and said: "Soldiers, cross yourselves and march forward." These words, coming from their commanding general and a brother Catholic, meant something, and the "Irish brigade" moved forward and put the enemy to flight. During this terrible encounter, Rosecrans' chief of staff, Colonel Garesche, was beheaded by a cannon ball, while riding by his side.

While this terrific battle was going on between the infantry and the artillery, the cavalry was engaged on the flanks and rear. The Fourth regulars made a gallant charge on the Wilkinson turnpike, to save an ammunition train belonging to McCook's corps. The "Seventh" made a charge in the afternoon to re-take a hospital, which the enemy had captured a few hours before. During the day the enemy's cavalry, under Wheeler and Wharton, attacked our wagon trains in the neighborhood of Lavergne. They captured a number of train-guards, picked up several hundred stragglers, burnt a large number of wagons, and ran away with the mules. This general stampede among the teamsters caused great excitement at Nashville. Strag-

glers reported that Rosecrans' army was completely surrounded, and would be compelled to surrender.

At the close of that day all was quiet in front, but for our side it was indeed "blue Wednesday." The right wing of the Union army was driven from its position, losing ten thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing, and thirty pieces of artillery, and now lay in fragments along the Murfreesboro road, forming a right angle with the centre and left of the original line. Both armies watched each other with a wakeful eye that night. The "Seventh" served on vidette duty on the right. We sat on our horses weary and hungry With heavy eyelids and distended pupils, we strained the optic nerve to penetrate the thickening fog—to catch the outline of the victor of yesterday and the antagonist of to-morrow. We shall never forget how hard it was to keep wide awake. The eyelids would drop in spite of all we could do. By beating the skull with the fist, and pinching the ears, we managed to keep sufficiently wakeful to halt the "Grand Rounds."

Thursday morning, New Year's day, opened bright and cheerful. Bragg expected Rosecrans to retreat. He thought he had punished the Federal army so badly that he would have nothing more to do than to follow the retreat and complete its utter destruction. After feeling the strength of our lines, he found that he had more to contend with than a

few *skirmishers*. The forenoon was occupied by an "artillery duel" between the two armies. The firing of one hundred and fifty cannon rent the air with bursting shell, and shook the earth like the roar of distant thunder.

Neither army ventured to make the assault. Thursday night passed quietly. Friday forenoon another "artillery duel" was fought. The enemy's cavalry was again in our rear, embarrassing the passage of trains, and ascertaining the facts concerning Rosecrans' movements. Bragg was anxious to hear that he was retreating, but Rosecrans did not propose to retreat as long as he had plenty of ammunition. Our cavalry attacked Wheeler's command, and recaptured a train. Colonel Milliken, commanding the First Ohio cavalry, was killed by a pistol shot, while using his sabre in a hand-to-hand conflict.

On Friday afternoon, an ominous stillness reigned over the field for a few hours. The "Seventh" stood in line on the high ground to the right, where we had a magnificent view of the whole battle-front. A strange feeling of expectancy seemed to leap from heart to heart like a spark of electricity. Something mysterious was in the air. It was like a calm before a storm.

At three o'clock the silence was broken by a volley of musketry on the left.

Every soldier sat in breathless suspense as the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon increased in intensity.

We could see the white columns of smoke rise above the scene of conflict. The firing seemed to come nearer to us; the anxiety became more and more painful. It was evident that Bragg had massed his forces against our left, and meant to crush Crittenden's corps, as he had that of McCook. But fortunately, Rosecrans was prepared for just such an emergency. He had fifty pieces of artillery planted on the north bank of the river, which swept, in front and from either side, the open field through which the dense columns of Breckenridge's corps were advancing.

The first line of our troops, on the south side of the river, broke at the first onset of the enemy, followed closely by their pursuers. The enfilading fire of the artillery mowed great swaths through the Confederate ranks; in the river they were met by grape and canister, and a galling fire of musketry. They recoiled before this sheet of flame. Again they rallied to the charge, and again they were swept from the field as by a tornado of death. During this dreadful onslaught, fifty-eight of Rosecrans' guns were bearing directly on the enemy's columns. When the broken lines began to reel backward, Colonel Miller's brigade, consisting of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, the Thirty-seventh Indiana and the Eighteenth Ohio, sprang forward, and with fixed bayonets, charged across the river and over the open field, driving the flying cohorts before them.

Other brigades of Crittenden's corps rushed to the fray, and joined in assaulting a rebel battery; and when darkness dropped her sable curtain upon the scene, the enemy was retreating toward Murfreesboro, and a shout of victory went up along the Union lines, giving vent to long pent-up feelings, covering the hills and filling the valleys with echoes of resounding joy The Twenty-first Ohio captured four guns, and the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania bore off the colors of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee infantry Two thousand of the enemy's dead and wounded were left on the field that night.

This practically ends the battle of Stone River. The weather on Saturday was wet and cold. It was unfavorable for any offensive movement. Saturday night Bragg ordered his army to fall back to Shelbyville and Wartrace. He made heavy demonstrations with his artillery on Saturday night before his final withdrawal.

Sunday was occupied in burying the dead. Long trenches were dug, into which the fallen heroes were laid side by side. Shoulder to shoulder they fought, and now elbow to elbow they sleep in death. Some were wrapped in their blankets, others had no other winding-sheet than the blood-stained garments they wore in battle. Many of our dead, who had fallen into the hands of the enemy, were stripped of their coats, shoes, and outer garments, leaving them almost naked upon the ground where

they fell. The sight of the slain was heart-rending. Friend and foe lay side by side on the gory plain.

Several prisoners we noticed going to the rear through the mud in their stocking-feet. Monday morning the cavalry charged into Murfreesboro. The rear-guard of the enemy was routed, and chased at the point of the sabre for four or five miles on the Shelbyville road. Suddenly our advance was checked by the well-directed shots of a concealed battery. After driving them from their position, night came on, and the Army of the Cumberland went into camp in and around Murfreesboro.

The writer took occasion to visit the Confederate hospitals in town. Almost every house displayed a red flag, indicating a hospital. The churches were filled with wounded. Every pew held a wounded soldier. As we entered the door, the stench arising from so many open sores almost drove us back. Pity and curiosity together conquered. We sat down beside a poor fellow, shot through from breast to back. A minie ball made a ghastly wound in his breast and lungs, from which the air was escaping at every breath. He was in his right mind. He was fully conscious that he had less than twenty-four hours to live. He seemed to rest in the sweet belief that he had fallen in a righteous cause.

Farther down the aisle we conversed with a wounded captain, who fell in the open field on the

left, which was swept by the murderous fire of Crittenden's artillery. He said the destruction of Breckenridge's troops was frightful! The scene of blood-shed was appalling! Men around him fell in heaps. Heads and arms and limbs were dissevered from the body by cannon-shot. The air was full of blood, of mangled limbs, of shrieking shell, and hideous with the groans of dying men.

"No human valor," said he, "could withstand such a tempest of iron hail." Many of our own wounded lay on the field uncovered, from Wednesday until Monday. As fast as they became able to move by rail, they were shipped to Nashville.

Before any rations could be issued, the Seventh was sent out on the Shelbyville pike to do picket duty Hunger will drive any man to desperation. It drowns the reason, and paralyzes the conscience. Up to this time there were a few members of Company "E" who conscientiously refused to eat any chicken or pork that was gotten out of the old-fashioned way of "paying for it." Our picket post was near a wealthy plantation, that was abundantly supplied with young porkers. Seeing one of these thoroughbred, fat-hammed Berkshires rooting after acorns in our immediate presence, the temptation was irresistible. The sergeant of the guard, a full-fledged Presbyterian elder, seized the hilt of his sword, and with scabbard dangling at his heels, charged furiously upon the intruder. He sat astride

of the animal, holding with one hand to the long bristles, and with the other delivering Herculean strokes—"right and left cut against hog infantry." Re-enforced by a deacon or two, the "*critter*" was ridden down, knocked in the head, carved into quarters, and hung up to roast by the genial camp-fire. We can testify from actual experience, that *sweeter meat* never passed the lips of mortal man.

The first Sabbath in Murfreesboro, we looked into the Catholic church, during the hour of service. In front of the altar, on his knees, was Rosecrans, the general of the army. Long and devoutly he knelt in prayer. He had abundant reason to thank God for the salvation of his army, and for the wonderful preservation of his own life. Near him knelt General D. S. Stanley, Chief of cavalry. We honor these men, though Catholics, for acknowledging their dependence on Him who rules the armies of heaven.

Those missing out of Company "E" were Sergeant Hughes, Miller, Brown, Karsteter, and Logan. Several of these received a free pass back to the regiment by way of Libby prison.

George Royer, a faithful soldier and comrade, died at Nashville. The "Seventh" lost all its wagons and baggage at Lavergne. All we had left were the clothes on our backs. The last grip-sack was gone!

CHAPTER X.

SABRE CHARGES ON WHEELER'S CAVALRY.—TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN.

THE object of resting the troops at Murfreesboro, was to make preparations for a long and vigorous campaign. In view of this, a new base of supplies was established at this point. The most elaborate and invulnerable fortifications were erected, so that a small body of men could resist the assault of overwhelming numbers. The army was re-organized and re-enforced by additional cavalry and mounted infantry.

The troops were now divided into three corps d'armée, the Fourteenth, the Twentieth, and the Twenty-first, corresponding in the main to the former grand divisions, and retaining the same corps commanders—Thomas, McCook, and Crittenden.

The Cavalry corps consisted of two divisions, and was placed in command of General D. S. Stanley. The "Seventh" belonged to the First Brigade of the Second Division, commanded by Colonel Minty, consisting of the "Seventh," Fourth Michigan, Fourth Regulars, and Third Indiana.

After the re-organization of the army was com-

pleted, Rosecrans and his staff reviewed the army When he rode by in front of our regiment, he said, "And this is the gallant 'Seventh.' You are the boys that know how to use the sabre. When you have a determination to go in, you are always sure to win." It is doubtless true, that the general was very lavish with his compliments on that day.

During the months of January and February the men were fed on half-rations, and many of the horses died for want of sufficient provender. The cavalry was sent out almost daily to guard forage trains; but the enemy had so completely drained the resources of the country, that it became difficult to find any considerable quantity of hay or corn; and where it could be found, it was exceedingly dangerous to get at it.

Early in February a train was attacked on the Shelbyville road, and several members of the "Seventh" were severely wounded.

This "foraging business" became so unpopular, that most of our men would rather risk a general engagement, than to accompany one of these *mule-team* expeditions.

In the latter part of January, Wheeler threw a heavy force of cavalry in the rear of our army. Davis' division of infantry and two brigades of cavalry under Colonel Minty were sent in pursuit. At Rover, Minty's cavalry made a sabre charge and captured an entire regiment of Wheeler's command, numbering three hundred and fifty men.

The following is a chapter from my diary for eighteen hundred and sixty-three:

February 14th. Camped in front of Murfreesboro. Four soldiers severely whipped, heads shaved and drummed out of camp, for misdemeanors committed against citizens.

February 20th. Camped in Auburn last night. This morning routed the "rebs" at Liberty. Wounded and captured a few prisoners. The Fourth Regulars pursued them three miles beyond Liberty.

March 1st. Guarding forage-train on Bradyville pike. Secreted ourselves in the hills among the rocks, watching for the "Johnnies."

March 4th. Ordered out this morning with six days' rations—our brigade of cavalry, Sheridan's division of infantry, and a battery of artillery. We started for Franklin. The cavalry was sent to Unionville, and the infantry to Eagleville. The "Seventh" was in advance. We soon encountered the enemy's pickets. Captain Schaeffer was ordered to deploy Company "E" on the left of the road as skirmishers. We advanced rapidly through the fields, woods and swamps. Soon the bullets began to whiz by us uncomfortably close. The "rebs" would fire a volley from behind fences and trees, and then fall back. Colonel Minty now ordered the "Seventh" to charge. Five hundred sabres leaped from their scabbards. Five hundred

horses chafed the bit, and sprang forward at the touch of the spur. The charging column moved down upon the enemy like an avalanche. The enemy's column was also moving forward to re-enforce their picket-line; but when they saw the forest of gleaming swords, they broke and ran. The "Seventh" was close upon their heels, helping them on by pelting them with the sword.

The road was strewn with shot-guns, pistols, saddle-bags, and haversacks well filled with corn-bread and biscuits. We charged three miles, into Unionville, where there was a regiment of Alabamians encamped. The officers tried hard to rally their men and save their camp equipage, but they were so badly frightened that they forgot to shoot: leaving everything behind them, they fled in confusion. We pursued them three miles on the Shelbyville road. We captured sixty prisoners, fifteen wagons with teams, all their tents, baggage and provisions. Quite a number of the prisoners had sore heads and bloody faces. None of our men were hurt except by horses falling in the charge. Lieutenant Allison had his leg badly bruised in this way; his horse fell in the road when at the top of his speed.

March 5th. Came to Eagleville last evening. Went on a scout toward Chapel Hill.

March 6th. Our company sent toward Triune to guard a distillery. This is a dangerous institution

for soldiers to guard, and we dare say that no other company in the army would have held that position for twenty-four hours and come off with less casualties.

March 7th. The enemy captured a brigade of infantry under Colonel Coburn, near Spring Hill. Wheeler and Van Dorn surrounded him with fourteen thousand men.

March 9th. Our brigade took a by-way to Thomson's station, a few miles south of Franklin. The Fourth Regulars made a sabre charge and routed the enemy Two of the regulars were killed, and Colonel Minty had his horse shot.

March 10th. Rained all night. Cold and wet to-day Moved south to Rutherford Creek. Stood in line of battle until midnight.

March 11th. Cannonading commenced early this morning. We crossed Rutherford Creek and made a reconnoissance to Duck River. We found no enemy remaining on the north side of the river. In the night we recrossed Rutherford Creek. The water was very swift, and the bottom of the creek was a smooth bed of rock. Captain Schaeffer's horse fell and threw him into the water. The current carried him down stream into deep water; but fortunately the captain could swim, and although encumbered with his side-arms and accoutrements, he succeeded in paddling his dismantled canoe to shore. The writer brought his horse to him as he

stood shivering on the bank, and accompanied him to the nearest house, where a warm fire was kindled and his clothes thoroughly dried.

March 22. Our brigade sent to Statesville. Saw no enemy in force. Captured a few stragglers. Lieutenant Allison is very sick in a private hospital in Murfreesboro. Sergeant Hayes volunteered to serve as his nurse.

April 3d. Attacked the enemy at Liberty. The "Seventh" on the skirmish line. On the hill opposite Liberty we had a full view of the gray-jackets. After a few shots from our artillery, the enemy fell back to Snow Hill. One of our boys was killed, belonging to Company "H," and was buried on the spot; and another was wounded.

April 6th. Our regiment and the Tenth Ohio charged into Lebanon, Tennessee, and captured a few prisoners.

April 21st. Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry and Colonel Minty's brigade of cavalry moved through Woodbury early this morning on their way to McMinnville. Before reaching McMinnville the enemy began to show determined resistance. Company "E" was thrown forward as skirmishers. A mile from town the "Seventh" was ordered to charge. One hundred and eighty prisoners were captured; a train of cars loaded with pork, and three mills, were destroyed; over six hundred mules and horses were captured and brought back

to Murfreesboro—all done with the loss of one man wounded. The prisoners wore the usual sabre marks on their heads and faces.

April 30th. Got back to camp dusty and dirty. Exchanged our Sibley tents for "dog-tents." These consisted of two pieces of light canvas, each about six feet square. Each soldier received one piece, and two comrades splicing their pieces together, could put up what they called, in polite language, a "shelter-tent."

May 8th. This morning the writer was surprised by an order to report with Sergeant Metzgar, of Company "E," at General Turchin's head-quarters. We reported for duty, and were assigned a place on the general's escort, consisting of fifty men, under the command of Lieut. Shumaker.

May 9th. Served as orderly to General Turchin. Rode after him to Thomas' head-quarters. Held his horse when he dismounted. When he returned I handed him the rein of his horse, and then proceeded to mount my own; but the short-legged Dutchman said, "Dot von't do, you hold my hoss till I gets on." As soon as he got into the saddle, off he went like Jehu, the son of Jehoshaphat, leaving his orderly to mount his prancing "*bone-setter*" as best he could.

It was my privilege to attend revival services, conducted by Chaplian Lozier, in the Cumberland Presbyterian church. Generals McCook and

Johnson were regular attendants at church on the Sabbath.

May 21st. Turchin led a brigade of cavalry out on the Salem pike. All night long we followed our file-leader through swamps and cedar thickets. At daylight we struck the rebel pickets near Middleton, charged into the enemy's camp, and captured one hundred prisoners with their arms and horses.

May 27th. The writer was appointed Clerk to Captain Teetor, Judge Advocate on Turchin's staff. It was my duty to copy the proceedings of the court-martial, before which deserters and criminals were tried. The presiding officer of this Court was Captain Gotwald, of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry. The writer soon learned that the Captain was a brother of the Reverend Doctor Gotwald, of York, Pennsylvania, and the acquaintance thus formed was mutually pleasant and agreeable.

On the twenty-fourth of June, the "Army of the Cumberland" broke camp at Murfreesboro, and advanced in three main columns upon Tullahoma. Turchin's division led the column on the left, passing through Woodberry and heading for Manchester. The tents were scarcely struck in our old camp, when it began to rain in torrents. The mud was *immense*. Teams failed to make one mile a day. One night the writer lay at the root of a tree, using his saddle for a pillow, and his rubber blanket for

a cover. He slept soundly, until he felt the water running into his boots. A stream was suddenly formed by the heavy showers, and furiously it dashed the spray against the tree where he lay; and had he remained in the same quarters a half hour longer, he would have found himself afloat on the angry current, or stranded in some friendly tree-top.

Colonel Minty's brigade led the advance on the direct road to Shelbyville.

The enemy's cavalry, under Wheeler, offered stubborn resistance to our advance.

Minty's brigade, supported by Mitchell's brigade, charged into Shelbyville, and completely routed Wheeler's command. He lost all his artillery and five hundred men, while nearly two hundred were either killed or drowned in attempting to swim Duck river. Wheeler escaped with a portion of his command by swimming the river.

On the left Turchin moved through Hillsboro, and advanced to the north bank of Elk river, on the road to Decherd Station. Here we halted for a few hours. Turchin took a nap in the shade of a tree. While he was napping the writer saw the enemy on the south side of the river, placing a battery in position. The orderly felt it his duty to wake the general, and before a "mad Dutchman" was done growling at the unnecessary interruption, the aforesaid battery opened fire, and dropped the

shells in such close quarters as to cause the general and his staff to "get up and dust." The negroes and pack-mules *lit out* for more comfortable quarters.

After quiet was again restored, the general sent Lieutenant Shumaker and six of his escort to examine a ford on the left of the main road. We rode down to the water edge, and all was quiet. Not an enemy was in sight. Suddenly a few caps snapped on the opposite side, then a volley followed from a dozen sharp-shooters hid behind the trees. Instantly our horses wheeled and retreated beyond the range of their guns. The lieutenant had a bullet wound in his arm, and my "bone-setter" had a shot in the ribs.

In the afternoon Stanley came up with the first division, and at once crossed the river and moved toward Decherd. It was now evident that Bragg had retreated across the Cumberland mountains. Rosecrans rested his army for two weeks at Decherd before advancing on Chattanooga. While in camp at this point the writer had considerable opportunity to converse with rebel prisoners and disloyal citizens. He also had access to Southern papers. He endeavored to find out, through every possible source, what the South was fighting for.

"Are you fighting for your negroes?"

"No."

"What then are you contending for?"

"We are determined to set up an independent government." This was the universal answer.

Never, in the history of the world, perhaps, was there such a fermentation and revolution of political sentiment as was now going on in the minds of the Union soldiers. Many of us were taught by eloquent "stump orators," that slavery, as it existed in the South, was not only a humane, but also a divine institution. Proud of our democratic ancestry, which could be traced in an unbroken chain of descent back to Jackson and Jefferson, we felt exceedingly jealous of any apparent encroachment upon an institution so long recognized by our fathers as constitutional and scriptural.

Accordingly, when the "Emancipation Proclamation" was issued by the immortal Lincoln, we threatened to desert the army We denounced that document as an infringement upon the rights of our *democratic* friends in the South, and as a misapplication of the results to be attained by the war. But, strange to say, as we neared *Damascus* the scales fell from our eyes. We learned to our complete satisfaction, that our *democratic* brethren were not contending for slavery, but for the "stars and bars"—a slice torn from the old flag. This was disunion, this meant destruction, and our Jacksonian blood forbade the wrenching of one star or one shred from the old flag of our fathers.

Besides, our democratic eyes began to see the

true inwardness of this abominable institution of human slavery. Like Moses in the brick yards of Egypt, we had an opportunity to see the whipping-posts, the auction block, the menial cringing under his master's lash; and in that dusky face our time-honored democracy, by and by, discovered a human soul, a brother-man, and, like the deliverer of Israel, we felt like striking down the man with the lash, and lifting up the oppressed and setting the captive free. This revolution in sentiment accounts for the transfer of the writer's "army correspondence" from the Clinton *Democrat* to the Clinton *Republican*.

Company "E" lost a gallant officer in the resignation of First Lieutenant Allison. He recovered sufficiently from his severe illness, occasioned by the fall of his horse in the charge at Unionville, to undertake a journey home; but not wishing to hold a position which he was unable to fill for months to come, he resigned.

The second lieutnnant, John C. McGhee, also resigned on account of disability.

Sergeants Sigmund and Nixon were promoted to fill these vacancies.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

AFTER a rest of several weeks Rosecrans again put his army in motion. On the sixteenth of July the cavalry crossed the Cumberland mountains, followed as closely as possible by the infantry and artillery

Before leaving camp at Decherd a very acceptable change was made in the transfer of Turchin, the Prussian hussar, to his old brigade of infantry, and the promotion of Brigadier General George Crook, the successful Indian fighter, to the command of the second division of cavalry. Crook is a gentleman and a soldier. He had the same respect for a private as he had for an officer. His orderly would not ride behind *him*, unless the road was too narrow for two to ride side by side. He asked no one to hold *his* horse and adjust the stirrups while *he* was mounting.

The road over the mountains was very rough and steep. The artillery and wagon trains made slow progress. On that mountain side we saw more balky mules and horses in one day, than we ever expect to see again. Five horses in the battery teams would pull back while one would pull

forward. In one case we saw all the team unhooked except the off-wheel horse: he was true as steel. A long rope was fastened to the tongue of the caisson; a regiment of infantry laid hold of the rope, and with the aid of the wheel horse they walked up the hill on a double-quick.

After crossing the mountain the army encamped at Bridgeport, Alabama, on the north bank of the Tennessee River

Before any further advance could be made it was necessary to establish a new base of supplies at Stevenson. We were now in a barren region where there was no provision or forage for man or beast. All the supplies for the army had to come from Louisville, over five hundred miles by railway, every foot of which had to be guarded against the invasion of guerrillas and Morgan's troopers. Our horses suffered much more than the men. It was impracticable, therefore, to attempt any further invasion until the corn crop was sufficiently matured to furnish feed for our horses.

Rosecrans resolved to flank the enemy out of his Gibraltar on Lookout mountain by throwing his main column upon Bragg's communications south of Chattanooga.

On the second day of August, Crook's division of cavalry forded the river at Bridgeport, and made a successful raid on Trenton, Georgia. In the night previous a company of dismounted men waded the

river; they completely surprised and captured the enemy's pickets without firing a shot. It was a beautiful sight to see the cavalry file across the river in a semicircle three-quarters of a mile in length, just as the sun on that bright clear morning threw his luminous smiles across the frowning peak of Lookout mountain. The smooth surface of the river reflected like a mirror the moving panorama of light dragoons. The horses moved against a strong current, measuring in places half way up the shoulder blade. The writer managed to keep the water out of his boots by throwing the right foot across the horse's neck and forming a hook on which to rest the left heel. Thus poised on the upper deck, he became thoroughly enraptured with the grandeur of the scene. The up-lifted scabbards and carbines shone in the morning sun like pinnacles of burnished steel. "O, for an artist's brush; O, for the genius of a Raphael to preserve such a picture! It comes to a man only once in a life-time," thought the writer, "it is a pity that such a picture must be lost forever from the galleries of art." At this juncture the writer's clumsy *sorrel* made a lurch forward, anchoring his nose in the bottom of the river, bursting the saddle-girth and landing his rider on the leeward side, with his finger ends feeling bottom and his feet splashing water on the surface. The ponderous army boots instantly sinking like bars of lead, gave the writer an upright position

with the free use of his arms above water. Catching the saddle before it floated out of reach, he re-mounted and rode ashore, none the worse for his morning bath. It was no laughable matter at the time, as several of our comrades went *under* never to rise.

At Trenton Minty's brigade captured a few "Johnnies," and great loads of cavendish, pigtail, and fine-cut tobacco. From thirty to forty pounds were issued to each soldier. But the writer had no use for this plentiful luxury. The credit for *not* using tobacco in any form is not due to the head or the heart of the writer, but to the stomach which "moveth itself aright" at the first scent of the nicotian weed.

The main army commenced crossing the river at Bridgeport, on the fourth of September. Crook's cavalry preceded the Twentieth Corps on the right. Crossed Sand mountain through Winston's Gap. On the ninth, the advance encountered two regiments of Confederate cavalry. After a sharp fight of half an hour the enemy retreated. A good opportunity for a sabre charge was neglected. The column moved steadily across Lookout mountain, and penetrated to the rear of Bragg's army as far as La Fayette and Summerville, and a reconnoissance was made by a detachment of cavalry as far south as the Coosa, and as far east as the Oostenaula river.

On the ninth of September, Chattanooga, the "gate-way to Georgia," was occupied by the Union army. This much was successfully accomplished by Rosecrans' flank movement. But the exact whereabouts of Bragg's army was now a matter of uncertainty. Rosecrans' supposed from information gained through deserters and prisoners, that he was concentrating his army at Rome, south of the Oostenaula.

In accordance with this belief he pushed McCook's corps to Alpine, to intercept the enemy's retreat, and Thomas' corps to La Fayette. Crittenden, in command of the "left wing," was ordered to push his column out from Chattanooga as far as Ringgold. It was soon discovered, however, that Bragg was not retreating, that he was concentrating his forces in rear of Chickamauga creek, on the main road from Gordon's mills to La Fayette. His plan was to crush Rosecrans' army in detail as the several columns debouched from the mountain gaps. The opportunity for achieving such a result was most favorable; but owing to the unaccountable delay of Bragg's corps commanders, the opportunity was lost. Rosecrans' at once recalled McCook from the right, and Crittenden from the left, to close up with Thomas in front of La Fayette. He succeeded in aligning his army in front of Chickamauga creek before a general engagement took place. This was accomplished by forced marches over

mountain roads, and through rocky defiles under the cover of starless nights.

Crook's division of cavalry guarded the right flank of the army, and on the night of the seventeenth we were encamped, in company with Lytle's brigade of infantry, on the summit of Lookout mountain, opposite Dougherty's Gap. The day before, we made a hasty reconnoissance into Broomtown Valley. The enemy resisted our advance with artillery and musketry

In the evening we retired to our camp on the mountain with an abundant supply of provisions and forage. My "chum," William Overman, of the Third Ohio Cavalry, returned to camp with a grizzly "Berkshire" strapped on his saddle. The writer happened into a patch where the "sweet pertaters started from the ground," and, by dint of perseverance, bagged a half bushel or more.

The hog was quickly butchered, the "sweet pertaters" washed, and together with the meat, crammed into an iron kettle holding not less than half a barrel. The mess was boiled down to a sweet consistency of mush and gravy. The universal testimony of all the invited guests was, that a more delicious meal had never been served at Crook's head-quarters.

On the morning of the eighteenth, the writer accompanied Generals Crook and Lytle, as orderly, to the highest outlook from the mountain. With

their field glasses they scanned the Valley of Chickamauga and the country south and east within a radius of twenty miles or more. In the valley on the left of us lay the whole of Bragg's army, concealed almost entirely from view by the dense foliage. South and eastward, clouds of dust were seen rising above the trees. Occasionally a covered wagon or a piece of artillery was seen in the distance moving through the little patches of open ground. Lytle and Crook at once concluded that Bragg was receiving re-inforcements, that the clouds of dust indicated heavy columns of infantry and artillery marching Northward. They inferred that Bragg was concentrating his forces to crush our left, and cut off Rosecrans' retreat to Chattanooga.

That afternoon the writer was sent, with a sealed message, to General Rosecrans' head-quarters. After a hard ride of two hours along the base of Lookout mountain, he delivered the message to Rosecrans at Crawfish Springs. The same evening he returned with a message from Rosecrans to Lytle and Crook, ordering them to move at once and form line on the right of Sheridan near Crawfish Springs.

That night Thomas' corps moved by the left flank, to meet Bragg's threatened assault upon our left. Rosecrans moved his head-quarters to the widow Glenn's house. On the morning of the nineteenth, Lytle's brigade and Crook's division stood

in line of battle in front of Crawfish Springs. Heavy cannonading was heard on the left, in front of Crittenden and Thomas. All day the battle raged from left to right, and in the evening the volleys of musketry could be distinctly heard on our left.

No special advantage was gained by either army during the first day's fight. Bragg's attempt to gain possession of the roads leading to Chattanooga, was handsomely foiled, and his attacking columns were punished by a severe loss in officers and men.

Sunday, the twentieth of September, was the "bloody day" of Chiekamauga. The shock of battle was first felt on the left. Unfortunately, Rosecrans ordered McCook's corps to change position in the faee of the enemy, and move by the left flank and elose up on Thomas' right. Bragg perceived this break in the Union lines, and at once hurled Longstreet's corps of fresh troops against McCook's right flank; sweeping over the field like a cyclone, lifting in air three divisions of Rosecrans' army, and sending the scattered battalions in full retreat toward Chattanooga. Nothing seemed to stay the progress of this tempest of shot, until it struck the "Rock of Chiekamauga." At four p. m., General Garfield, chief of staff to General Rosecrans, reported to Thomas the extent of the disaster on the right, and instrueted him to assume eommand of all the organized forees on the field. Again and again

Longstreet hurled his heavy columns against Thomas, but the old hero stood firm as a rock.

On this momentous day it was the writer's miserable luck to be appointed as Crook's special orderly Early in the day his division was severely engaged on the right of Crawfish Springs.

The enemy pushed across Chickamauga creek in heavy force, and attacked our line with infantry and artillery Our cavalry fought bravely with their carbines for an hour, and then began to fall back before superior numbers. Crook was always found in the hottest of the fight. He rode along the line where the heaviest firing was going on, cheering his men and directing their movements. When his command was forced back, he was among the last to leave the field. No matter how uncomfortable it might be, his orderly had to stay by him or show the white feather. Several times the enemy's advance was less than a hundred yards from him, and it seemed that every bullet coming from that direction was intended for him, or somebody not far away His escape was marvelous, and who knows but a kind Providence interfered, in order that the nation might not be deprived of his valuable services as "our modern Indian fighter."

His friend and companion, the chivalrous and gentlemanly Lytle, fell on this terrible day with his face to the foe, while leading his brigade in a desperate charge.

Crook's division formed a new line in front of Crawfish Springs. The field-hospital of Rosecrans' army was established at this point. Several thousand wounded men were lying side by side under the large hospital tents to the left of the springs. As soon as the retreat of McCook's corps became apparent, the cavalry on the right flank withdrew in good order behind Missionary Ridge. We shall never forget the sad faces of the wounded, as we left them to the mercy of their enemies. The best that could be done for them was to leave a sufficient number of able-bodied nurses to care for them, and a small supply of hospital stores.

We learned afterwards that the nurses were run off among the regular prisoners, and that the wounded were left to the tender mercy of unwilling attendants.

During this memorable battle, the "Old Seventh" rendered valuable service on the extreme left. It occupied the advance of Minty's Brigade in the sharp fight at Reed's bridge, on the nineteenth. Lieutenant Sigmund, of Company "E," had command of the skirmish line. He refused to yield ground to the enemy, although he was exposed to an enfilading fire from right and left. Andrew Lavely, of Company "E," was killed at his side.

Captain May of Company "K" rode forward to join the skirmishers, and before he reached the line he was shot in the breast and fell dead from his horse. The adjutant rode forward and shouted,

"Sigmund, why don't you fall back?"

"My instructions were to hold this hill," replied the lieutenant, "and I meant to hold it until I was ordered to fall back."

Minty's and Wilder's brigades fought side by side on the nineteenth, to prevent the enemy from crossing Chickamauga creek on the left. So determined was the resistance offered, that Bragg in his official report mentions it as one cause of failure in his initial movement to envelop Crittenden's corps and get possession of the roads leading to Chattanooga.

The night after the great battle, Thomas withdrew his army quietly within the hastily, constructed fortifications at Chattanooga. Immediately after the disaster on the right, Rosecrans hurried to the rear with the disorganized troops and put them to work on a line of earth-works and rifle-pits, sending Garfield to Thomas with orders to hold the enemy in check till night-fall, and then retire to Chattanooga.

On the morning of the twenty-first, Crook's division encountered the enemy's skirmishers on the right along the base of Lookout mountain; and about noon, the rear guard of the national army retired behind the fortifications in front of Chattanooga.

Bragg advanced his lines cautiously, planting his artillery on Mission Ridge and Lookout mountain.

He wasted "a power" of ammunition in displaying his fireworks at night. The shells bursting in the air were a thing of beauty, but almost as harmless as a fire-bug.

The cavalry lay on the north side of the river, guarding the fords and the supply trains running between Chattanooga and Stevenson. For some weeks our army was reduced to quarter rations.

Wheeler's and Forest's cavalry were capturing trains and burning bridges along our line of communications. For a time the battle for bread and meat in the rear, threatened to become more desperate than the conflict in front.

General Crook was sent to the rear with three brigades of mounted men, to punish the destructive raiders. He overtook them on the west slope of the Cumberland mountains, and pursued them through Middle Tennessee, capturing four pieces of artillery and a number of prisoners. Wheeler retreated southward through Pulaski, and by night marching succeeded in crossing the Tennessee river at Rodgersville with his main column, leaving two regiments at Sugar creek to cover his retreat. The Fifth Iowa cavalry made a gallant sabre charge upon this rear guard, killing ten, wounding nine, capturing seventy, and scattering the remainder through the mountains.

General Crook estimated Wheeler's losses at two thousand men and six pieces of artillery. After

this vigorous chase of twenty days, on three days' rations, the Second Division of Cavalry went into camp in Northern Alabama.

When Crook had gone a day or two in pursuit of Wheeler, he sent the writer back to Chattanooga with a dispatch for General Rosecrans. While here I spent a day in the hospitals, listening to the brave boys telling the story of their sufferings. On one cot lay a poor fellow with his leg amputated above the knee: he lay on the battle-field seven days before he was taken to the hospital. On another cot sat a soldier with both eyes shot out. He was cheerful, and said he was perfectly willing to sacrifice his eyes that the Union might live.

On the way back to rejoin the command in Alabama, we passed General Grant on Waldron's Ridge. He was on his way to Chattanooga to assume command of the army. He rode at the head of a small company of mounted men. His appearance was so plain and unassuming that none of our party recognized him as the "hero of Vicksburg."

CHAPTER XII.

RE-ENLISTMENT AND FURLOUGH HOME.

EARLY in October the Army of the Cumberland was re-inforced by the Eleventh and Twelfth corps de armée, under the command of General Hooker, who was ordered to take position in front of Lookout mountain. A few weeks later the Army of the Mississippi, under Sherman and Howard, arrived in front of Chattanooga, and by direction of General Grant took position on the left of Missionary Ridge. By this combination of forces Grant prepared for battle.

On the twenty-fourth of November, Hooker scaled Lookout mountain, and on the twenty-fifth Thomas and Sheridan charged the enemy's works on Missionary Ridge, routing the centre of Bragg's army, capturing six thousand prisoners and forty pieces of artillery The wail of Chickamauga was more than silenced by the shout of Lookout mountain. During this series of engagements at Chattanooga, the cavalry was guarding the crossings of the Tennessee river, to the right of the National army.

The latter part of November, Crook's division went into camp at Maysville, Alabama. The corn

crop supplied abundance of forage for our horses. The men did not fare so well, unless they could help themselves "on the sly"

The boys in our mess, six in all, were very fond of chicken. A resolution was passed by a majority vote in the "lower house," that each member of the mess take his turn in stealing or providing chicken for dinner. To help eat "*rooster*" and not help catch him, would be considered mean. Several of the boys visited the hen-roosts in Maysville, and wrung the necks of the finest *Brahmas* they could find.

The boys had various contrivances by which to capture their game without waking the natives. One of the Ohio boys said it was no trick at all to take a chicken from a tree or a roost without making it squall. The writer was anxious to gain all the information he could, as his turn would come on the very next night. It would not do to flinch, as the reputation of the "Old Seventh" was at stake. At the hour of midnight he issued forth into the darkness in search of poultry Reconnoitering for a while, in the suburbs of town, he finally knocked at the door of a large white house, and inquired if they had any chickens to sell. The mistress of the house replied very emphatically, that they had none to sell.

The writer soon convinced them if they refused to sell, they would miss their chickens all the same.

They concluded to let him have four *fat hens* at fifty cents apiece. Carrying them quietly through the alleys to avoid the night patrols, he threw them into the cook-shanty for "Sambo" to dress next morning.

Many were the compliments the writer received for his successful raid on the most aristocratic hen-roost in town.

The "Seventh" performed provost duty at Huntsville. Company "E" occupied the Court-house. Some spicy correspondence took place between the "Boys in blue" and the "Secesh ladies."

In the latter part of December, the excitement of *re-enlisting as veterans* began to agitate the boys, and on the last day of the "old year" a patriotic wave struck the rank and file of the "*battle-hardened Seventh*," and almost to a man the regiment marched up to the scratch and dressed on the line of *veterans*. The inducements offered by the government were a furlough of thirty days and four hundred dollars bounty; but the average soldier was not influenced by the money so much as by the following consideration—that however distasteful and disagreeable the service in the army might be, yet it was thought more tolerable than to stay at home when the country was calling loudly for volunteers.

Having turned over all our horses, arms, and accoutrements, we mounted a train of box-cars, and in

a few days arrived at Nashville via Pulaski, Columbia, and Franklin. On the fifth of January, 1864, we marched into the crowded barracks near the depot at Nashville. The regiment, in view of its former services in this city, was accorded the liberty of the town. The "boys" appreciated the compliment, but unfortunately two companies—one from Pottsville and the other from Scranton—abused the privilege. The open saloons of the city presented too great a temptation for some of them to resist. In the front, where "*Prohibition*" was enforced, these men were among the bravest and best-behaved soldiers in the regiment; but under a reign of free whiskey, they were worse than *dead beats*.

The orderly sergeant of one of these companies suddenly squelched a drunken row among his men by firing a few careless shots into the crowd of fuming Nihilists, wounding one man in the neck, and another in the arm.

On the ninth of January, the regiment occupied the third story in the unfinished "Zollicoffer House," which was used by the Union troops as an "*exchange barracks*." It was exceedingly unpleasant for "*wild dragoons*" to be so closely confined. Neither "bed nor board" was at all satisfactory. At meal time there was a rush for the dining hall by several thousand hungry men; a scene of confusion followed that beggars description—it was a battle with pewter spoons and tin-cups. Hard-tack was freely used to bombard the "cook brigade."

On Sabbath, the tenth, a few of our company obtained permission to attend services in the M. E. Church, where a little more than one year ago we heard Parson Brownlow denounce, with sulphuric adjectives, the ringleaders of the rebellion. On the following Sabbath we had the pleasure of listening to the venerable Bishop Simpson, of the M. E. Church. He preached an eloquent sermon to the soldiers in the Senate chamber of the Capitol.

Before leaving the baracks, Captain Schaeffer's company passed a series of *Temperance resolutions*, requiring every member of the company to abstain from intoxicating drinks on the way home, and during the continuance of the furlough; and for each violation of this rule, a fine of five dollars would be assessed. Only one member, to the best of my recollection, came forward at the end of the time specified and plead guilty of the charge, and his fine was graciously remitted by a *Court of Equity*.

On the eighteenth the "Veteran Seventh" took passage on the steamer Kenton. We sailed down the Cumberland; passed Clarksville, Fort Donelson, Paducah, places memorable in history; sailed down the Ohio to Cairo, where we arrived on the nineteenth of January. At the same time a steamer arrived from Vicksburg, having on board the Forty-sixth Illinois Infantry, in command of Colonel Benjamin Dornblaser, also going home on veteran

furlough. The colonel spent several hours very pleasantly on the "Kenton," in company with his nephew and several of his former neighbors in the old "Keystone State."

The "Seventh" lay at Cairo two days waiting for transportation. The "whiskey devil" again stirred up a row. The provost guards attempted to arrest a few of the "old vets," and the "vets" turned on them and killed one of the guards and routed the rest. The "vets" retreated to the boat in tolerably good order, followed by a fresh battalion of home-guards. They planted their guns on the levee, with their frowning muzzles pointing toward the old ship, and peremptorily demanded the surrender of the "old vets" that did the shooting.

The "Seventh" did not propose to shed any blood in protecting any of its members in committing acts of *lawlessness* and murder; but the demand to surrender even a criminal must be couched in gentlemanly language or else it would not be respected. The demand was accordingly modified to a *polite request*. At daybreak our boat moved out into the middle of the river, and lay at anchor all that day. Three of the guilty parties, members of Company "F," were arrested, and by our own guards sent to Provost Head-quarters for trial.

Left Cairo on the twenty-third, and next morning took breakfast in the "Soldiers' Home" at Indianapolis. We attended religious services in one of

the churches in the forenoon. At three p. m. we took the train for Pittsburgh. T. R. Watson and John Rhodes were left in the hospital at Indianapolis. One had typhoid fever, the other small-pox.

On the night of the twenty-fourth we sat down to an elegant supper in the City Hall at Pittsburgh. It was the same room in which we were so cordially and so hospitably entertained in the fall of sixty-one.

We arrived at Harrisburg in the afternoon of the twenty-fifth. No quarters were provided for troops in the city, so we marched to "Camp Curtin," in mud shoe-deep. Finding no decent quarters there, we counter-marched through the mud to the State House yard, gave *three groans* for Harrisburg, and then disbanded for the night.

Received our furloughs next day, good from January twenty-eighth to February twenty-sixth. We arrived at Lock Haven on the twenty-eighth day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

The depot was crowded with citizens and friends to welcome the "*Soldier Boys.*" Before leaving the depot we were informed that a saddled horse was in readiness for each dragoon, and that it was the request of the citizens that the company should mount and give them an ocular exhibition of a "sabre charge."

The day for *playing soldier* was past, but the request was so urgent as to admit of no denial. The captain ordered his company to mount. In

column, four abreast, the dragoons rode through the streets of Lock Haven, amidst the wildest demonstrations of joy on the part of the people.

At the upper end of Clinton avenue, preparations were made for a eavalry eharge. A squad of citizens mounted on mulcs and horses, were sent in advaee to represent the "Johnnies." When the order was given to charge, the "Yankee yell" was given. The horses were spurred to their utmost speed, the mud flew in every direction, the "blue coats" rapidly gained on the "gray," at the top of the hill above Lock Haven they began to pick up prisoners, and before the advanee reaehed Flemington the last fugitive was captured. Of course it was a gallant charge; no one stopped along the fence to adjust his saddle-blanket; every man for once, from the eaptain down to the company cook, did his utmost to keep his horse a neek ahead of all the rest.

Surrounded by the shouts of the multitude, and greeted by a glad and hearty welcome on every hand, we almost forgot that there were any sad hearts in the throng. There were some, however, who could weep easier than they could cheer. Some faces were bathed in tears, while others shone with unutterable joy. Here stood a father and mother mourning for their oldest son "Henry," or "Harvey," or "Jacob," who will never eome home; therc was a widow and several fatherless

children, looking in vain for the familiar face of husband and father; here was a sister dressed in deep mourning for a brother who died in the hospital.

Ah! how many hearts are sad in this throng, and *our coming* only opens their wounds afresh! We must quit these reflections, or our short stay in the bosom of kind friends will be clouded with sadness and gloom. Only thirty days! We must press out of them all the sweet and pure enjoyment we can.

And in the midst of feasting and social gratification, may we never fail to cherish sentiments of profound gratitude to the Father of Mercies, whose gracious providence has been over us as a "cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night"—whose guardian care has made it possible for us to see this gladsome hour, when we can greet our kindred and friends with the happy salutation, "*We're home again*,

"HOME AGAIN!"

CHAPTER XIII.

SOLDIERS' RE-UNION, AND RETURN TO THE FRONT.

THE month of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, was fast drawing to a close. The jingle of bells must soon be exchanged for the music of the battle-field.

Some days before our *furloughs* expired, the good people of Nittany, and Bald Eagle, and Sugar Valleys, prepared for a "grand re-union" at Salona.

The fatted calf was killed. The feast was spread. The "soldier boys," given up for lost and found again, sat at the head of the table. The Presiding Elder, as was customary on celebration days, pronounced a blessing on the feast, and on the partakers. Then every man began to clear the *woods* over against his own plate. The best of wood-choppers could not have done any better. After thirty minutes of hard work, the interminable forest of pillared cake, mince pie, turkey, chicken, and ham, was scarcely touched. The multitude came up by fifties and hundreds, and were all filled, and yet there were more than twelve baskets full of fragments taken up.

The dinner being cleared away, the multitude began to call for speeches from the bronzed "veterans."

An old farm-wagon was hastily run into the centre of the school-yard, and one after another of the speakers was called upon to step into the box. The first speaker was Rev. Benjamin Hamlin, who delivered the "welcome to the soldiers" in behalf of the citizens.

Captain Schaeffer gave an eloquent response to the address of welcome, in behalf of the veterans.

The people were so well pleased with these opening addresses, that they clamored for more. Repeated calls were made for Sergeant Hayes to take the stand. He slowly mounted the wagon, deliberately uncovered his curly head, and went to work in dead earnest. He rolled out his patriotic sentiments in a torrent of eloquent sentences, as overwhelming and hot as the lava streams of Vesuvius. The multitude was swayed as by a mighty tempest. His peroration was emphasized by the audience with "*tremendous applause.*"

The next speaker, whoever he be, must necessarily be sacrificed on this mount of expectation, to which the former speakers had lifted the audience.

Calls were next made for "Dragoon," the "incorrigible Corporal," that had lost his stripes; and sure enough, he was led "like a lamb to the slaughter." He ascended the scaffold, he opened his mouth and spoke. What he intended to say slipped his memory, and what he did say no one living can tell. All that the ex-Corporal remem-

bers about it is, that when he first looked out over the audience, "men looked like trees walking," his head began to swim, and he wished for Jonah's whale to swallow him, and carry him safely ashore. He remembers also that the next time he was called on for a speech, he took occasion to provide a substitute.

An interesting account of this re-union appeared in the "*Clinton Republican*," from the pen of Sergeant Hayes, in which the ladies of Nittany Valley were especially complimented for their exquisite taste and skill in spreading a banquet for the "old soldier."

The company re-assembled at Harrisburg on the twenty-eight of February 1864, with about half a hundred *new recruits*.

Many of the boys took lodgings on the first floor of the State House.

The regiment was ordered to report to General Sherman at Nashville as soon as possible. Sergeant Loveland and the writer were left at Harrisburg in charge of the *new recruits*.

We were to see to it that they were properly mustered and uniformed, and then report with them to the company at Nashville. The government had offered a premium of *fifteen dollars* for every new recruit, which was to be paid to the man who presented the recruits. The "enlistment papers" had to be made out very carefully, in duplicate, and if

any mistake was discovered by the *enlisting officer*, the papers would be rejected. A number of us sat up day and night in the State House offices, to prepare these papers.

When we supposed they were correct, and ready for presentation, the writer took them to the enlisting office. He pushed his way through the crowd to the counter. He handed them to the chief clerk, who glanced at them half a minute, then returned them to me, saying, "Your papers are all wrong; you must make out new papers." It was natural for one to inquire what was wrong about them; but the clerk gave me to understand that I must find that out myself. It was very *trying* to be bluffed off in that kind of a style. It was more than lazy mortals could stand, to do all that tedious work over again, and especially as we did not know how to mend our mistake.

Before leaving the office, the writer resolved to present the papers a second time; but this time he he rolled up a *ten dollar* bill between his fingers, and with the papers dropped it into the clerk's hand. The bill disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. The papers were taken to the desk, and in less than ten minutes were officially endorsed as correct in every particular. Next he took them to the *mustering office*, and presuming that the same strategy would prove successful, he resolved on a smaller bait—in the shape of a two dollar note.

The papers were readily signed, and an order drawn on the paymaster for the sum of five hundred and seventy dollars, which was to be distributed among the different recruiting agents.

Of this amount, only forty-five dollars fell to the writer, and before he reached the front, his conscience troubled him so much, that he proposed to pay it all back to the three recruits who had enrolled their names on his list.

On the tenth of March, we left Harrisburg. We proceeded westward via Pittsburg and Cincinnati. At Seymour, Indiana, we changed cars for Louisville. We were obliged to lie out in the damp air all night at Seymour. It was a severe initiation for our new recruits. The writer remembers having a severe attack of chills and fever on that wretched night. The best transportation that could be furnished was *cattle cars*, and these had to be *cleaned* before they could be occupied by our men.

On the thirteenth of March, we joined the regiment at Nashville. The "Old Seventh" now numbered more than twice as many as stood in line in Alabama, before going home on "Veteran Furlough." On "dress parade" the twelve companies could turn out thirteen hundred strong.

Company "E" had one hundred and nineteen men that answered to roll-call; and from twenty to thirty more made application to join Captain Schaeffer's company, but could not be received.

This large ingathering of *new recruits* was certainly an evidence of the popularity of "*Wynkoop's Cavalry.*"

On the eight of April, Lieut. Sigmund re-joined the company with three other veterans, who spent their "furlough" in *Nittany*, wrestling with the "*small-pox.*" Corporal Rhoads died of this disease at Indianapolis. This loathsome pestilence was contracted by our men in the crowded barracks, and boats, and filthy cars, on our way home, and upon our return to Nashville it was raging in the hospitals, and in the lower wards of the city, with a daily mortality that was alarming.

The early part of April was spent in drilling the recruits in the "sword exercise," and in reorganizing our *old brigade* under Colonel Minty It was difficult for the *War Department* to furnish horses fast enough to mount the returning veterans and the recruits. Company "E" again drew the "blacks and bays," all of them fresh horses.

The whole brigade was armed with long cavalry sabres, Colt's revolvers, and the Spencer carbine.

The latter shooting-iron is equal to a small battery in itself. In the stock of this breech-loading gun is a magazine holding seven cartridges, which are brought one by one into the chamber by a movement of the trigger-guard as a lever, which at the same time throws out the shell of the exploded cartridge. These seven minie balls could be let

loose in the face of the enemy, in less time than it would take the average Dutchman to say, "*Giminy*," "*Gemima*," "*Gerēco*!"

It is no wonder that the "rebs" would "git up and dust," when Minty's brigade would begin to unlimber their "seven-shooters." Some of the prisoners taken on the Atlanta campaign wanted to know what kind of machinery our men carried, that turned out bullets in that kind of a style.

On Friday, the twenty-third of April, the regiment deserted Camp Garrard at Nashville, and moved to Columbia, forty miles southwest. We passed through a beautiful country, the garden-spot of middle Tennessee. Farmers were getting ready to plant their spring grain. Negro women did most of the ploughing. One ox or cow harnessed to a plough or a cultivator, constituted the average team. It was unsafe to exhibit a clean-limbed horse in the presence of cavalrymen—he would likely have a "*U S. brand*" on him before next morning.

We lay in camp at Columbia a few days. The quartermaster-sergeant and myself had a bunk, good enough for a king, made out of corn-sacks.

On the twenty-sixth, our brigade was reviewed by Generals Elliot, Garrard, and Colonel Minty. Elliot was appointed by Sherman as *chief of cavalry*, Garrard as division commander, Colonel Minty still retained command of his "old brigade."

The Fourth Regular cavalry was drawn up in front of the "Seventh," and the Fourth Michigan in our rear. No better regiments of mounted men ever drew a sword on the enemy, than the three just named. We challenge any brigade of Federal or Confederate cavalry to produce a better record for active service in the field, and uniform courage in the presence of danger.

In the absence of one of the majors, Captain Schaeffer assumed command of the first battalion of our regiment. First Lieut. Sigmund was sent to Lynnville with thirty or forty dismounted recruits, to garrison a "block-house" on the railroad south of Columbia. Second Lieut. E. F. Nixon was left in command of the company.

On the first of May, Garrard's division of cavalry was ordered to report to Sherman in front of the enemy at Dalton, Georgia.

The first night we camped fifteen miles southeast toward Shelbyville—rain falling, and roads heavy

The second night we encamped at Shelbyville, on the ground where Minty's brigade had so signally routed Forest's command less than a year before. The Union flag was now waving proudly over the town, where, less than twelve months before, Bragg had his head-quarters.

On the night of the third, we went into camp five miles beyond Tullahoma. The next night we bivouacked near Cowan station.

On the fifth we crossed the Cumberland mountains, and halted for the night a few miles from Stevenson, Alabama.

On the sixth, we passed through Stevenson and Bridgeport, crossed the Tennessee river on the railroad bridge, and picketed our horses five miles beyond the river that night.

On the seventh, we encamped on Sand Mountain, six miles beyond Trenton. Feed and rations were getting scarce.

On the eighth, we crossed Lookout Mountain, and spread our blankets for the night in Chattanooga valley

Next morning we resumed our march before day, passed through Dug Gap into Chickamauga valley, and early in the afternoon joined the "right wing" of Sherman's army in front of La Fayette, Georgia. The boys could not resist the temptation of tryimg their "Speneers" on some of the "*Chester whites*" that were seen rooting in the woods. The killing, quartering, and packing, was done most handsomely on the skirmish line, without any pereeptible halt. A few arrests were made, not because a few pigs were killed, but because it was contrary to orders to fire at any other object than a "gray-jacket." To fell a steer or a hog with a "sabre stroke," was not interdicted by any general order from Sherman's headquarters.

Before going into camp on the first day of our

arrival at the front, we had a brisk little skirmish with the genuine "gray-jackets." The first shots on the skirmish line resembled the large drops that precede a heavy thunder-shower. These were followed by the booming of cannon, and the hideous shriek of hostile shells among the tree-tops.

This was the first introduction our recruits had to the "Elephant" they had heard so much about; and, without exception, they were fully satisfied with the *warm* greeting they had received.

When the shells began to fly in the air, whispering loudly, "Where are ye, Jimmy?" an Irish Catholic, Jim McKenny, rode up to Sergeant Hayes, a staunch Presbyterian, and with lips pale with fear, said: "Bill, if you should get killed you would be all right; but what would become of me if I should get shot."

The next day "Jim" had a severe attack of camp-diarrhœa. He found a hiding-place among the mules and wagons. The next night he deserted our army. In the neighborhood he found a young woman, who had a horse concealed in the mountains. He persuaded her to go with him to Selma, Alabama. They rode the horse together, and passed themselves off as Confederate refugees. At Selma "*Jim*" offered his services to the "rebel" garrison as a *non-combatant*. They put him to work with the negroes, building that very line of breast-works over which the "Old Seventh" charged with such glorious victory in April, *sixty-five*.

In the fall of sixty-four, when Lieut. Nixon, of Company "E," was captured and sent to Selma as a prisoner of war, he found this "wild Irishman" and his little woman keeping house in a "*dug-out*" behind the formidable breastworks, and ascertained from *him* the facts, substantially, as above narrated.

In the "memoirs," written by General Sherman, he says that he wanted Garrard's Cavalry to come up, before he would order a general assault against Johnston's army.

Our army commanders began to appreciate more highly the *cavalry-arm* of the service, and would not venture on any important campaign without a due proportion of mounted troops. An army without cavalry was in a condition similar to that of a porcupine stripped of its feelers and its quills.

CHAPTER XIV.

ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

THE first night after joining Sherman's army on the right of Dalton, our company was sent on picket duty on the road to Rome, Georgia. The enemy's videttes were in sight, and they lost no opportunity to bore holes through the "blue-coats" with their long rifles.

In the beginning of this memorable campaign, the army of Joe Johnston consisted of fifty thousand fighting men, which was in a few weeks reinforced by additions of cavalry and infantry, making an aggregate of sixty-four thousand men.

To oppose this army, and to dislodge it from its entrenched positions, and its mountain fastnesses, Sherman had an aggregate of ninty-eight thousand men, and about forty-six *gun batteries*.

Sherman had three armies consolidated in one.

The army of the Cumberland under General Thomas, numbering sixty thousand, constituted the centre; the army of the Tennessee, twenty-four thousand, under command of McPherson, constituted the *right wing*; and the army of the Ohio, thirteen thousand men, under Schofield, brought up the *left wing*.

The division commanders in the cavalry corps were Garrard, Stoneman, McCook, and Kilpatrick.

On the tenth of May, 1864, Sherman began that series of flank movements which resulted finally in the fall of Atlanta.

The first move made was to throw McPherson's army forward on the right, supported by Hooker's corps, with a view of seizing the railroad at Resaca, and compelling Johnston to abandon his fortified position at Dalton, or to give battle in the open field.

On the night of the tenth, Johnston secretly withdrew his army to Resaca. Sherman's columns moved in hot pursuit. McPherson gained a ridge on the right of Resaca, where his artillery could shell the railroad bridge over the Oostenaula. The enemy made several attempts to dislodge him; but each time the charging column was hurled back with fearful loss. On the afternoon of the fifteenth, Hooker's corps did some handsome fighting on the right, capturing a four-gun battery, and all the gunners.

Our division of cavalry was vigorously pressing the enemy toward Rome.

We routed a company of rebel cavalry, wounding the captain and killing one of his men. We pursued them to their reserves, four miles from Rome, where a battery of artillery, well directed, opened on our advance, checking our progress, but not driving us from our position. After a brisk

engagement of a few minutes, mainly with artillery, the enemy fell back, and allowed us to go into camp near Holly Springs.

On the night of the fifteenth, Johnston retreated across the Oostenaula, burning the bridges behind him, and established a new line of defense south of Kingston. At daybreak Sherman's columns moved in hot pursuit.

Our cavalry division was divided, one brigade advancing on the right with McPherson, and *our* brigade was ordered back to Resaca, and to bring up the rear of Thomas' column.

We moved back on the north side of the Oostenaula, passed through Snake Hollow, rode over the battle field of Resaca, and camped within one mile of Calhoun.

On the eighteenth, the writer with a few others was detailed to carry a dispatch from General Thomas to General Garrard. We rode out in the direction of Rome twelve miles, and finding no trace of Garrard, we returned to camp. We rode up to several houses and inquired of the women—"If they had seen any *Yankees?*" The white women would answer sulkily—"We saw *right smart* of them," but the colored women would exclaim—"O laws, yes, we sced thousands upon thousands of them."

They had seen McPherson's footmen and chariots, but they did not seem to know anything of Garrard's horsemen.

On the nineteenth, our brigade marched south through Calhoun and Adairsville. Saw two hundred rebel prisoners pass to the rear on the railroad.

Heavy skirmishing in Thomas' front. The enemy still falling back. Our brigade encountered the enemy on the right of Kingston. The Fourth Michigan lost heavily in a sabre charge. We went into camp five miles beyond Kingston.

Next morning we followed the rear-guard of Johnston's army to the banks of the Etowah river. Here Sherman ordered a halt for a few days—until the railroad could be repaired and supplies brought forward.

Garrard's division of cavalry moved down the Etowah to Rome. We found the enemy's pickets stationed all along the south side of the river.

On the twenty-third, Sherman's army crossed the Etowah, and advanced upon Johnston's new position at Dallas. Our division crossed the river at Rome and led the advance of Logan's corps—through Van Wert, and thence toward Dallas.

On the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, our Division first attacked the enemy two miles from Dallas. After a brisk fight, McPherson's Infantry came up and established a line of breastworks.

On the twenty-fifth, we moved to the right of Dallas, passing the head-quarters of McPherson and Logan.

On the twenty-sixth we took position on the right

of McPherson. We left our horses in the rear, and advanced on foot. The ground was a dense wilderness. The enemy contested every inch of ground. Eight of Wilder's brigade were killed and a number wounded. We established our line well to the front, and during the night we built breast-works with logs, rails, and brush. In this position, surrounded by a barren wilderness, we lay in line of battle four days without a grain of horse feed. Several attempts were made to send out forage trains, but the enemy drove them back to camp, inflicting a loss of six or seven men in the third battalion of our regiment.

On the twenty-eighth, the battle opened in front of McPherson. The enemy made several fierce assaults, and were each time handsomely repulsed.

On Sunday night, the thirtieth, the enemy made several feints on our line with skirmishers and artillery The cannonading and musketry was terrific, continuing from 11 p. m. to 4 a. m.

In the darkness our brigade was ordered to take position three-quarters of a mile farther to the rear, to avoid the enfilading fire of the enemy's artillery It was difficult to avoid confusion in changing position in a dense forest at *midnight*. We fell back to our horses and mounted. Then we followed our file-leader through the brush on the gallop. One of Company "E," Barney Metzgar, who was partially blind, requested the writer to lead his horse,

and tell him when to *juke*, so as not to strike the limbs of trees. "Barney" hugged close to the neck of his horse, and came out of the woods without a scratch. We formed line in rear of a narrow open field, where we would have a good view of the enemy should they advance upon us.

We sat on our horses until daybreak, then dismounted, and extemporized a line of breastworks. Our horses were starving for want of feed. Five days without a mouthful of grain or hay! They peeled the bark from the trees. They ate dry leaves. They chewed at the bridle-reins and the picket lines.

On the first of June, we moved six miles to the left, in the direction of Allatoona. That night we distributed one quart of corn to each horse in our company Two of our comrades, Else and Zimmerman, found this corn in a crib, and carried it eight miles to bring it to camp.

Johnston, seeing that his right wing was threatened by a heavy force under Thomas and Schofield, abandoned his position at New Hope Church, and fell back to Kenesaw and Lost Mountain.

Our cavalry was ordered back to the Etowah river for feed and rations.

Over fifty horses dropped in the road from exhaustion, and were left to die, or by chance to be nursed by some poor family who were glad to own a horse that was so near dead that the soldiers did

not want him. Some of these families, we know, did "*right smart*" ploughing with these broken-down chargers.

On the third of June, we grazed our horses in a beautiful clover-field on the north side of the Etowah. The clover-tops and the fragrant air reminded us of haying-time in *Old Nittany*. This multitude of hungry steeds swept the field faster and cleaner than a dozen "*Buckeye Mowers*" could have done.

Cannonading was heard in front of Kenesaw: Sherman was feeling for Johnston's new line of defence.

On the fifth of June, we were made glad by the familiar neigh of the iron horse, whistling through his fiery nostrils on the banks of the Etowah, and bringing us good tidings from home and friends.

On the eighth, we moved to the front through Allatoona, and went into camp a few miles beyond Acworth. We saw several thousand wounded men in the hospitals along the road. We passed the seventeenth army corps, under General Blair, which had just arrived from Chattanooga, and was moving into position on the left of Sherman's army

On the ninth, Garrard's division moved out on the left, making a reconnoissance toward Marietta. We drove the enemy two miles, losing several killed and wounded. We returned to our former camp, Company "E" acting as rear-guard.

On the tenth, Minty's and Wilder's brigades were ordered to advance on the left, with three days rations for man and horse. The whole army moved forward from Acworth to Big Shanty, a station on the railroad in front of Kenesaw mountain. The rain was falling in copious showers all day. As Sherman says, the roads were infamous.

On the eleventh, Garrard's cavalry advanced on the left, and threatened Johnston's communications in rear of Kenesaw. The "Seventh" led the division, and Company "E" on the skirmish line. At 10 a. m., we encountered the enemy. The "Seventh" was ordered to dismount and drive the enemy out of the woods. With a Yankee yell, and a few volleys from our "Spencers," we cleared the timber, charged across an open field, and halted under cover of the timber, a short distance from the enemy's entrenched lines. From our position we had an excellent view of the enemy's fortifications. We could see the rebel cavalry in line, supported by infantry and artillery. Our skirmish line was withdrawn from the advanced position, to invite the enemy to come out of their breastworks.

In the afternoon, the enemy pushed forward a strong line of skirmishers and sharp shooters. The dismounted men of Company "E" deployed, and marched forward through an orchard to a *worm-fence* fronting the open field over which the enemy was advancing. One of the foremost of our com-

rades in the orchard was Robert Maurer. He had just reached the fence when he was struck by a minie-ball. The bullet first struck his left wrist, then the corner of his belt-plate, and lodged in the abdomen. Williamson Rishel was wounded slightly in the shoulder by a spent ball. Sergeant Fleming of Company "I," and several others, were among the killed on that field. We drove back the enemy into their entrenchments, and then fell back to our first position.

Two deserters came in next day and reported that our skirmish line engaged four regiments of Wheeler's cavalry We remember that our "Spencers" became quite hot from the rapid firing, and that we called for a new supply of ammunition before the day closed.

At sunset we fell back a few miles, and encamped in rear of Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry

We called to see Robert Maurer in an ambulance. We found him suffering intensely, and no hopes entertained by the surgeon for his recovery. He bore his sufferings for twenty-four hours, with true soldierly fortitude.

On the twelfth of June, we lay in camp drenched by a disagreeable rain. In the evening of this gloomy day, comrade Maurer died in the ambulance. At ten p. m., we buried him. Comrades Hayes, Foster, Best, and others, prepared a rough coffin, a

royal casket for a soldier. We gave him a princely burial. The common soldier that fell in battle was thrown into a trench, with no winding sheet but his blood-stained garments, and no covering but the cold clods thrown over him by unsympathizing strangers, and oftentimes by a cruel enemy Sadly and feelingly we laid young "Robert" to rest in the edge of that memorable wood.

It became evident that Johnston was not disposed to let go his grip on the three mountains, Lost, Pine, and Kenesaw, without the most determined resistance. Sherman closed in his lines, and kept up a constant fire of artillery and musketry, that frequently rose to the dignity of a battle. Our division of cavalry occupied a line of breastworks on the left of the Seventeenth corps. We lay in line of battle day and night. From our position on the left of Kenesaw, we could hear distinctly the whistle of Johnston's supply trains arriving from Atlanta and halting in the rear of Kenesaw, and on the other side we could see Sherman's loaded trains steaming into Big Shanty

One day the engineer detached a locomotive, and ran forward to a water-tank within range of the enemy's guns on Kenesaw. The enemy opened fire, but the engineer deliberately watered his iron horse, and turning back answered the harmless volleys by a triumphant snort, which brought forth cheers and shouts from the Union lines.

The rains were so continuous, that it gave rise to the common expression that, "Sherman thundered, and Providence rained;" but the *rain* was out of all proportion to the thunder.

On the fourteenth of June, the rain slackened, and Sherman rode along his lines to find a favorable point at which to assault Johnston's position. With his field-glass he discovered a group of rebel officers on the crest of Pine mountain, apparently taking observations.

As this was in front of Howard's position, Sherman ordered him immediately to fire three volleys from the nearest battery The rebel Generals Johnston, Polk, and Hardee, were in the group against which Howard's guns were directed. Polk was struck in the breast by a cannon ball and instantly killed—as Johnston relates in his "narrative," he was killed by the third volley from this battery.

On the fifteenth the enemy abandoned Pine and Lost mountains on the right, but still held on more firmly to Kenesaw. For several days we lay behind our breastworks under a fearful rain of shot and shell.

On the twentieth, Garrard's division crossed Pumpkin Vine creek on the left, and at four p. m., the enemy made a sally on our extreme left and rear with heavy force, aiming to cut off our retreat.

The enemy charged several times, but they re-

coiled each time from the sheet of flame that rolled forth from the line of "Spencers." We fell back through a swamp, and recrossed the creek under the destructive fire of the enemy's artillery.

A piece of shell struck the pommel of my saddle, and fell to the ground without doing any one any hurt. Out of the "Seventh" there were killed, wounded, and missing, seventeen men.

On the 27th of June, Sherman determined to assault the enemy's position on Kenesaw McPherson's attacking column fought up the face of Lesser Kenesaw; but could not reach the summit. About one mile to the right of Kenesaw, Thomas' assault ing column broke through the abatis, and mounted the enemy's parapets, where Generals Harker and McCook were mortally wounded. The battle lasted from nine a. m. until twelve o'clock noon. The charging columns failed to make any permanent lodgment in the enemy's works.

In this battle, McPherson lost five hundred men, and Thomas nearly two thousand.

On the 2d of July, Sherman again put his army in motion by the right flank. McPherson was withdrawn from the left, leaving Garrard's division to occupy the trenches in front of Kenesaw.

Johnston discovered the movement, and the same night withdrew his forces from Kenesaw and Marietta. Next morning our pickets stood on the summit of Kenesaw. The brow of the hill was scarred

and burnt by the artillery fire. Solid shot and pieces of shell could be gathered up by the wagon load.

We celebrated the fourth of July by a noisy battle with Johnston's rear-guard.

News reached us at this time that Harvey Rishel, another schoolmate and comrade, died on the fourteenth of June, in the hospital at Columbia, Tennessee; that Solomon Maurer, also a comrade, died, on the seventeenth, at Chattanooga.

The following sick and dismounted men of Company "E," were sent to the rear: Lieut. E. F. Nixon, Zimmerman, Shaffer, Brilhart, Fite, and McGhee. Our company had at this time only fifty mounted men for duty, and some companies had only thirty

On the fifth, Garrard's division was sent eighteen miles up the Chattahoochee to destroy the woolen factories at Roswell, and to secure an important bridge and ford at that place. The factories were destroyed by fire, and three hundred women were thrown out of employment; a large number of the women were sent to Marietta in wagons, and thence north by rail. Our company had the good fortune to guard a train loaded with this precious freight to the rear, and bring back supplies for our army.

On the 9th of July, Minty's brigade dismounted and waded the Chattahoochee at Roswell. The river was about five hundred yards wide, the aver-

age depth three feet, the bottom rocky and uneven. We drove from the opposite bank about three hundred of the enemy's cavalry. We advanced one mile south of the river, and established a line of breastworks. One mounted regiment made a bold reconnoissance toward Atlanta, and found the enemy in strong force. In the evening we recrossed the river and encamped near Roswell.

On the 15th, two divisions of Logan's corps crossed over and occupied our temporary breastworks. Garrard's division crossed over by Magaffee's bridge, three miles above Roswell. We went out five miles, made a charge on the enemy's pickets, and captured the Confederate mail at Cross-Keys Post-office.

The letters were freely distributed, and the boys were specially interested in those addressed to "My dear Honie," "My Sweet Duckie," "My own dear Lassie," and so on, "Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

Before going into camp we rode into a field of oats in the shock. Each man packed from four to six bunches on his horse—clearing nicely, altogether, a ten-acre field. With horses as with men, it was either a feast or a famine.

On the 17th, the general movement against Atlanta began. Thomas moved on the direct road to Peach Tree Creek, Schofield on his left moved through Cross Keys, and McPherson on the extreme left heading for Stone Mountain.

Our division drove back the enemy in front of McPherson, and first struck the Augusta railroad, four miles west of Stone Mountain, on the 18th, and the same day formed a junction with Schofield's troops at Decatur.

A Union spy escaped from Atlanta during the night previous, and reported to Sherman the removal of Johnston and the appointment of Hood.

This change in Confederate commanders was taken as an indication that we would have some desperate fighting to do. Schofield, McPherson, and others who were classmates with Hood at West Point, knew him to be an intrepid, daring fighter.

On the 20th, Hood attempted to break Thomas' line in front of Peach Tree Creek. Thomas' army had just crossed to the south side of the creek, and Hood supposed he would find his line uncovered, and without effective artillery—but to his surprise the army of the Cumberland was already entrenched, and the concentrated fire of Thomas' artillery, posted on the north side of the creek, made fearful havoc in the advancing columns of the enemy The blow fell principally on Hooker's corps, and Johnston's and Newton's divisions of the Fourteenth Corps.

Garrard's division was lying on the left of McPherson, during this terrific battle, and waited in silence to hear the result of the conflict. The cheers that rose from the Union lines soon told the story of successful resistance.

On the 21st, Garrard's division was detached from the left, and sent on a raid to Covington, on the Augusta railroad, thirty-five miles east of Atlanta. The raid was successful: we captured a large number of mules and horses, destroyed four miles of railroad, burned a number of bridges, destroyed several mills and factories, and brought back considerable forage for our horses.

But on our return to Decatur we learned the sad death of McPherson, and the particulars of the "battle of the 22d."

Hood took advantage of Garrard's absence from the left, and, by a circuitous route, threw Hardee's corps into the rear of McPherson: and having no cavalry feelers to report the presence and location of the enemy, the general of the army rode against Hardee's pickets and was instantly killed. The riderless horse, dashing to the rear, first reported the death of McPherson, and the threatening danger on the left. The bloody battle which ensued, incurred, according to Logan's report, a loss to the Union army of three thousand five hundred, and to Hood's army, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of ten thousand men.

On the day after the battle we encamped in the rear of Logan's corps, and leaving our horses out of artillery-range, we relieved the infantry in the trenches on the left, and exchanged shots with the enemy in their rifle-pits.

One evening the enemy fired several volleys from a battery in our front. Some of the balls struck the parapet, and bounded far to the rear. One solid shot, after making several rebounds, struck Robert Bridgens, a member of Company "E," on the knee, while he was sitting on the parapet, apparently out of danger. His leg was completely shattered; he was immediately taken to the field hospital. The surgeons proceeded to amputate his limb, but poor "Robert" died under the operation.

From the top of a house on our skirmish line we could look over into the enemy's works, and by the aid of a field glass we could see a portion of the city of Atlanta.

CHAPTER XV

KILPATRICK'S RAID, AND THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

Before Sherman began his flank movement on Atlanta, he attempted to break the enemy's communications, and force Hood to come out of his entrenchments, by concentrating a heavy force of cavalry on the Macon Railroad at Jonesboro and Lovejoy Station.

Stoneman, with five thousand cavalry, including Garrard's division, was ordered to pass around the left of Atlanta, and strike the railroad at Lovejoy Station, at the same time that McCook's command of four thousand cavalry should strike the road at that point from the right of Atlanta. McCook crossed the Chattahoochee at Riverton, and pushed rapidly forward. At Fayetteville he burned a train of four hundred wagons, and two railroad trains; he killed eight hundred mules, and captured two hundred and fifty prisoners. He reached the Macon road at the time appointed. He continued to destroy the road until the enemy was strongly re-enforced. He could hear nothing of Stoneman's whereabouts; and being surrounded by the enemy he fought his way out, losing his prisoners and five hundred of his own men.

Stoneman, on the left, proceeded to Covington with his own division, and sent Garrard's division to Flat Rock, from which point Garrard was to return to Sherman in the rear of Atlanta. At Flat Rock, Garrard engaged successfully two divisions of the enemy's cavalry, and withdrew in good order.

Stoneman moved toward Macon on the east bank of the Ocmulgee, and disobeyed Sherman's order to meet McCook at Lovejoy Station. His object was to release two thousand Union prisoners at Macon, and then to proceed to Andersonville and set free twenty thousand Union prisoners. Sherman gave him permission to make this bold venture after forming a junction with McCook at Lovejoy. But his ambition got the better of his judgment, and the result was a signal failure. At Macon he could not cross the river, and after throwing a few shells into the town, he endeavored to return to the main army. He had not gone far, when he found himself confronted by the enemy. With seven hundred of his men he surrendered to an inferior officer, leaving the rest of his command to cut their way back to Sherman's army.

After Sherman had moved his army by the right flank, along the West Point railroad, he selected Kilpatrick to make another attempt to destroy the Macon road.

Sherman admired the dashing spirit and Yankee self-confidence of this young cavalry officer. He

gavc him five thousand of the best mounted troops in the army, and ordered him to make a circuit around Atlanta. For this purpose, Minty's and Long's brigades were attached to Kilpatrick's division.

Before leaving camp near Sandtown, Kilpatrick issued an order, requiring every man to stay behind who was not willing to go through with him or die in the attempt.

Unlike Gideon's army, there were very few that embraced the opportunity to stay with the pack-mules.

On the morning of the 18th of August, Kilpatrick's command dashed out from Sandtown to the West Point road at Fairburn Station. The railroad was torn up for several miles. The head of the column moved rapidly toward Jonesboro' on the Macon road. Minty's brigade brought up the rear on the first day Just beyond Fairburn Station, while the "Seventh" was marching in column of fours, on a road leading through a dense wood, the enemy's artillery opened on us with grape and canister shot, from a hill to the left of the column.

The suddenness of the attack excited the horses, the column was thrown into temporary confusion, several ambulances were overturned by the teams wildly dashing into the timber. Infuriated horses were plunging through the ranks entirely beyond the control of their riders. After clearing the

woods, the "Seventh" formed line in an open field and prepared to make a sabre charge on the battery, but the enemy speedily withdrew in the direction of Atlanta.

A courier was sent to inquire of Kilpatrick, if we should pursue the enemy; to which he replied, "Never mind the *Johnnies* in the rear, there are plenty of them in front. Come on!"

Among those wounded was the bugler of our regiment, a fair curly-haired boy. He was mortally wounded in the abdomen, but he remained in the saddle until the column halted in the open field.

The pain became so severe that he could no longer sit on his horse. He requested us to place him in an ambulance. The officer in charge refused to receive him, as he could live but a short time. They had room only for such of the wounded who would likely recover. With a look of sadness, he said, "Then will you leave me to die in the hands of the enemy?"

Three of us carried him to a little white church by the roadside, and made a bed for him on the outside, as comfortable as we could. The thought that he must die in the hands of his foes was terrible to him. He had exhibited great courage in battle. A number of times we saw him at the head of his regiment in the "bloody charge." He was not afraid to face death, but to die in the hands of his enemies was more than he could well endure.

He was just such a boy as would be the idol of a fond mother. He longed for his mother. "Oh! if mother knew *this*, how soon she would come to me." His last words to us, were, "Please write to my mother, and tell her all about it."

A score of years have passed since this event occurred, but the scene at the *little church* comes back to my memory as a picture of indescribable sadness and pity

The enemy was pressing our rear-guard, and we were ordered to hurry forward. The head of Kilpatrick's column had reached Flint river, where a sharp fight was going on with Ross's cavalry The enemy was soon dislodged, and the command crossed the river and moved rapidly into Jonesboro, on the Macon road, directly in rear of Hood's army. We rode into the station after sunset. The depot and several other large buildings were on fire. We did not go into camp—we only halted a few hours. Orders were given to leave the saddles on the horses. Detachments were sent along the railroad to tear up the track. The enemy's pickets kept up a constant skirmish with our outposts. Kilpatrick ordered the "*band*" to play, and the work of destruction to go on vigorously in the light of the burning buildings.

Soon after midnight we were ordered to mount, and to move out to the left of the railroad, and by a circuitous route strike the road again at Love-

joy Station, nine miles farther south. The "Seventh" was ordered to the front. At daybreak we began to skirmish with the pickets of Jackson's cavalry. Kilpatrick rode with us on the skirmish line. He was full of confidence. He felt sure he could scatter the force in front of him, and completely destroy the long trestle-work on the Macon road near Lovejoy. When we came to the heavy timber in front of the station, Kilpatrick ordered the *first battalion* of our regiment to dismount, and drive back the enemy's pickets. He said, there were only forty *rebs* in the woods, and we could easily rout them. About seventy-five men out of the battalion stood in line, dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses.

The line moved into the woods with carbines advanced. The enemy gave us one volley, and then retreated in disorder. Our men raised the *yell* and rushed forward on the double-quick, firing and cheering as they advanced.

The wildest enthusiasm prevailed among our men, and all along the line was heard the shout, "*Forward to the railroad.*" But suddenly a brigade of rebel infantry rose up behind a line of breastworks in front of the railroad, and only fifty yards from us. They poured volley after volley of musketry into our ranks, and also opened on us with several pieces of artillery Our comrades were falling rapidly on right and left. The first volley

of the enemy killed *four brave men* out of Captain Schaeffer's company. Sergeant Foster, whose manly form was seen in the front of many a sabre-charge, and whose stentorian shout was heard a moment before, fell dead on his face; David McDonald, a gallant soldier, dropped like one shot in the heart; Emery Else, a Christian young man, whose voice was frequently heard in our prayer-circle, was shot dead with his face to the foe; George Caldwell, the singer of the Company, whose cheerful songs and ringing laughter were heard round many a camp-fire, was mortally wounded, the ball passing from cheek to cheek, and severing the tongue far back in the mouth.

Captain Taylor, of Company "C," and Lieut. C. C. Hermans, a faithful officer and noble Christian gentleman, were among the killed.

The enemy did not shoot to wound, but to kill. Only a few of our company were wounded.

Gladfelter was severely wounded in the leg, and several others slightly.

During the heaviest firing of the enemy, the writer was struck on the instep of the left foot by a spent bullet; the ball penetrated the boot and the stocking, bruising the muscles and skinning the ankle, and lodged in the heel of boot No. Ten. He was scared considerably, at first, until he found that his foot was still serviceable. Sergeant Hayes, who stood at my side, urged me to go to the rear

and find an ambulance; that we must all get out of this place very soon, or we would all be killed or captured. His advice was very wholesome indeed, and I felt very much inclined to act upon it, but it seemed to me cowardly to desert my steadfast friend.

The only man I saw, still holding that part of the line, was Sergeant Hayes, with his dead comrades around him. At that moment I saw the enemy advancing on the right, aiming to cut off our retreat. The writer needed no further advice; he turned on his heel and made a bee-line for Kilpatrick's cavalry. The first man he met was Captain Schaeffer, sitting at the open bars leading into the field where Kilpatrick had massed his cavalry. The Captain was leaning forward with his head between his hands, and looking up in tears, inquired, "Where are Hayes, and Foster, and the rest of the boys?"

"They are killed or captured," was the only answer that could be given.

When Kilpatrick discovered, contrary to his expectations, that our battalion was confronted by a large force of infantry, he withdrew his command to the left, and made preparations to break through Jackson's division of cavalry, which was aiming to cut off his retreat. Kilpatrick was now almost surrounded by the enemy, and if I mistake not, a flag of truce was sent in, demanding his surrender. A brigade of infantry was menacing his rear, and in

his front was drawn up a division of cavalry, and a battery of artillery

Minty's brigade was set in order quickly for a sabre-charge. The Fourth regulars stood in column of fours on the McDonough road in front of Jackson's artillery, the Fourth Michigan formed column on the left of the road, and the "Seventh" on the right of the road.

These assaulting columns were supported by Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry The signal for the charge was given, by firing a cannon.

The sabres were unsheathed, and the three columns dashed forward across the open field, leveling fences, leaping ditches, charging through the ranks of the bewildered Johnnies, too badly frightened to do any effective shooting, and the Yankees too much in a hurry to take dismounted prisoners. A few of the weaker horses were unable to leap the ditches, and falling into these places, the riders were compelled to abandon them and run.

Henry Yearick, a member of company "E," lost his horse and his hat in a ditch: but holding on to his carbine, he mounted one of our caissons, and came out bare-headed and a little shaken up, but the same night he reported to his commander for duty Lewis Catherman, another comrade, had his horse shot, and rolling into a fence-corner, a "reb" on the other side of the fence said, he should just lie still and he would not get hurt. But Lewis

watched his chance, and seeing a riderless horse near by, he mounted and rode away in triumph.

In the beginning of the charge the writer had several feeds of corn on his saddle, but seeing the breakers ahead, he emptied the feed, and lightened the ship as much as possible.

Kilpatrick's command simply rode over the confederate cavalry A battery of four guns was captured, and a large number of prisoners were taken, but only one gun and seventy prisoners were brought back to Atlanta. The rest of the guns were spiked, and several hundred prisoners were abandoned in the hurry to get back into safe quarters.

The "Seventh," not having so formidable a force in its immediate front, was the first regiment to break through the enemy's lines; scattering Ross's brigade of Confederate cavalry through the woods on the right, and then striking the road in rear of the battery. At this point, the writer saw Captain McIntyre, commanding the Fourth Regulars, leading his regiment against the battery. His white horse struck an artillery carriage in the road, throwing horse and rider against the fence, behind which a number of rebel horsemen were sitting in their saddles, with revolvers in hand, but too badly frightened to do any shooting.

The Captain called for some one to catch his horse, which having regained his feet, shot like an arrow after the flying fugitives. The writer's old

plug was distanced at the first quarter-pole, and was passed by the Captain's Orderly, who soon *hauled in* the fiery charger, and delivered him, panting and chafing, to his master.

In the road we met a number of wagons and ambulances belonging to the enemy The boys took the hatchets from their saddle-pockets, and cut the spokes, letting the sick and wounded in the ambulances remain undisturbed. The mules were unhitched and taken with us. While Kilpatrick's column was moving northward on the McDonough road, at this break-neck speed, the thunder and lightning was terrific, the rain was falling in torrents, the lurid clouds flashed and flamed with the wrath of ten thousand furies.

Nearly one-half of the boys had lost their hats in the charge, and the drenching rain beating on their bare heads, made them look very much like so many drowned "cav-al-iers."

The enemy pressed close upon the heels of the rear-guard, which responsible position the "Seventh" was called upon to occupy with the rest of Minty's brigade. All night long, Kilpatrick's column moved northward on the trot. A few hours before day on the Twentieth, we halted on the south bank of Cotton river. The recent rains had swollen the stream, so as to make it too dangerous to cross in the night. At day-break, we filed through the river. For the space of one rod near the opposite bank, the horses

were compelled to swim through a swift current. Kilpatrick stood at the edge of the water on the farther side, and encouraged his men to keep up-stream. When he saw a soldier dismounted, he ordered him to unhorse the first negro he came to, and mount. He said he needed his soldiers worse than he did the negroes.

His whole command crosssed in safety, except one ambulance, which was swept down by the current, drowning the horses, but the men were saved.

On the north bank of the river we stopped to feed, and to air our saddle-blankets. It was the first time we had unsaddled our horses since we left Sandtown. The enemy's cavalry followed us to the river, but did not attempt to cross. Rumors were afloat that a large force was concentrating in our front to intercept our retreat. We moved rapidly northward by way of Flat Shoals and Decatur, and without any serious interruption, arrived in the rear of Atlanta, on the night of the 21st. During this raid we were three nights and three days in the saddle, without one hour's solid sleep, fighting the enemy almost constantly We lost four commissioned officers and fifty-eight enlisted men, nearly all of which belonged to the "Old Seventh."

Those taken prisoners out of Captain Schaeffer's company, were Sergeants Hayes and Metzger. The writer missed his "old chum," the company quar-

termaster. The first reliable information we had from our missing comrades, was from a letter written by Sergeant Hayes in the prison-pen at Andersonville. The story of prison life, which we gathered from their letters and conversation, is full of interest and pathos.

A few moments after we left Sergeant Hayes standing among his fallen comrades, he was surrounded by a score of bristling bayonets ready to drink his heart's blood if he did not instantly surrender.

He was conducted to the rear, through the woods, and on either side he was greeted with curses from the wounded Johnnies, who said, "Shoot the Yankee son of a gun." He expected the threat to be carried into effect every minute, but the officer of the guard kindly protected him. He was permitted to speak a word to George Caldwell, who had also been carried to the rear. Poor George was too badly wounded in the mouth to make reply, but he realized the solemn fact that he must die in a very short time from the loss of blood. The other three comrades, Foster, Else, and McDonald, were already dead.

Hayes, Metzger, and the rest of the able-bodied prisoners, were hurried off to Andersonville. On the way, they had ample opportunity to exchange hats and coats, and pants and boots, with the Johnnies. It was an established rule, that the

Yanks *must trade* with the man who had the shabbiest and the raggedest and the filthiest suit in the crowd. When they reached the prison gates, they looked more like street-beggars than Union soldiers. At the entrance of the stockade they were again searched from head to foot.

A brace of insolent officers were appointed by Captain Wirz to perform this contemptible work of systematic robbery. The prisoners were partially stripped and thoroughly examined, under the false pretense that they were carrying concealed weapons.

First of all, their pockets were rifled, and if they had any *greenbacks* left, these officers were sure to get away with them, as greenbacks were considered a very dangerous weapon in the hands of a Union prisoner.

They were stripped of pocket-knives, combs, diaries, photographs, Bibles, and Testaments. Sergeant Hayes, politely requested the officer to let him retain his Bible, to which the officer replied, "You may keep it, as we have no use for it anyway"

The officers at Andersonville had a special grudge against cavalry raiders, and this may account for the uncommonly rough treatment these prisoners received.

It was in the latter part of the fatal month of August, when these brave men, clad in Confederate rags, entered the gates of this modern Golgotha.

A scene of indescribable wretchedness and woe greeted them on every hand. Strong men lost heart, and soon withered into melancholy skeletons that disappeared like specters in the grim shadow of death; while other men, physically weak but blessed with iron nerve, grit their teeth, and resolved "to fight it out on that line if it should take all summer"—they determined to live through it for spite, and some of those very men are living to-day

As was customary, the prisoners were divided into companies of ninety men each, and a sergeant was placed over each company Sergeant Hayes was appointed to take charge of the late recruits. Each sergeant was allowed an extra ration per day, that he might have sufficient strength, I presume, to quell insubordination among his men.

But my friend Hayes did not appropriate his extra ration to his own use, as I have been reliably informed by his fellow prisoners that he gave it to some poor fellows who were much nearer the verge of starvation. That was just like "Bill," and an all-seeing Providence was not unmindful of his kindness. A few days after entering the prison, he formed the acquaintance of a mutual friend, in the person of William Overman of the Third Ohio cavalry This intelligent soldier was my chum, during the nine months we served on General Crook's escort. He dressed the pork on Lookout

Mountain, while the writer washed the sweet potatoes. During the Atlanta campaign he served as a scout to General Thomas. When he was captured in the vicinity of Atlanta, he had over one hundred dollars of greenbacks concealed in the seams of his under-garments. He wisely left a few dollars in his purse, which he reluctantly delivered to his captors, and by earnestly pleading for that little, he eluded their further search. He passed through the gates of Andersonville with one hundred dollars. He was truly a Vanderbilt among his fellows.

Our mutual friends met on the burning sand within the stockade.

Overman revealed the secret, that he had some money, that he proposed to make his friend Hayes and himself comfortable, and resolved to expend the rest for the good of the community He succeeded in bribing the guards to deliver him some sweet-potatoes, and a sufficient quantity of muslin to put up a tent for two. Of course every article was purchased at fabulous prices.

In order to benefit the community, Overman secured a large pail filled with corn-meal; he poured water on it, and let it stand in the hot sun until it was well soured. From this preparation he manufactured a sour beer, which the prisoners eagerly craved, and which was as good as any medicine to arrest the scurvy which was becoming alarmingly

prevalent. We are free to say, that if ever a beer-stand proved a blessing to mankind, it was Overman's beer-barrel in Andersonville prison.

The inhumanity of Captain Wirz, and his fiendish cruelty toward the sick, stirred the sympathies of Sergeant Hayes. He promptly offered his services as a nurse in the prison hospital. In this capacity he served until he was exchanged in the latter part of November.

He was sent to Charleston with a train of sick and helpless comrades. Here they were transferred to a U S. steamer headed for Baltimore.

Sergeant Hayes picked up his emaciated comrades, one by one, and carried them on board. One poor fellow, with sunken eyes glistening with tears, looked up into the face of his friend, as he sank into his soft bunk, and said—"Bill, if you should die now, you would go straight to heaven."

Later in the fall, Overman was removed to Raleigh. While stopping in the jail-yard, he heard a rap and a familiar voice from the upper window of the stone prison. He looked up and saw a slip of paper drop from an unseen hand behind the iron grating. He picked up the paper and read the following message—"Dear Overman, send me something to eat, if possible. I am very hungry. I am under sentence of death, and expect to be executed any day. Your friend, Corporal Pike."

This Corporal Pike I knew in sixty-three and

sixty-four as *Chief of Scouts* to General Thomas. He was captured and convicted as a *spy*, and would have met a sad fate, had not Sherman's advance into North Carolina changed the programme. Pike was hastily removed to Salisbury by rail, and leaping from the train while in rapid motion, he made good his escape, and lived to write a thrilling narrative of his wonderful adventures.

Bill Overman also survived the horrors of prison-life, and is looming up to-day as a prominent politician in the state of Ohio.

Atlanta has fallen! The battle of Jonesboro has been fought. On the night of September first, we heard terrific explosions in the direction of Atlanta. On the morning of September second, Minty's brigade rode into the city, followed by the Twentieth corps under General Slocum.

Our advance exchanged a few shots with the rear-guard of Hood's army, and succeeded in capturing one hundred of Ferguson's cavalry

We encamped on the ground near the depot, where John Morgan, some months before, entertained an audience of ten thousand Confederates by narrating his wonderful exploits in Ohio, and by his boastful prophecies of future conquests.

CHAPTER XVI.

PURSUIT AND DESTRUCTION OF HOOD'S ARMY.

DURING the month of September, Sherman's army rested in camp in the vicinity of Atlanta. The city had been badly damaged by Sherman's heavy seige guns. Many houses bore the mark of cannon shot. The citizens had built caves in which the women and children remained during shelling seasons.

Garrard's division shifted its camp during the month, from Vining's Station to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Cross Keys, and from Cross Keys to Roswell.

We watched the movnments of Hood's army, and feasted on watermelons and turnips. The following is taken from a letter written to sister Kate, dated at Roswell, Ga., Sept. 25, 1864.

"This is Sunday morning. The weather is delightful, after a week of continual rain. The country around Roswell is very productive. Corn, apples, and sweet potatoes are plenty. We have sweet potatoes for breakfast, dinner, and supper The citizens have nearly all left the country; no one to oversee the plantations. However, the corn and potatoes are well taken care of.

"Yesterday I took some shirts to a house to have them washed. I am getting too lazy to do my own washing.

"The poor women and children have a hard time of it. Most of the women are puny and delicate, scarcely able to do any work. An old lady complained to me yesterday about our pickets. She wanted to take some wheat to mill, and they refused to let her pass. I sent her to the provost marshal, and he gave her permission to go to mill.

"I saw two women yesterday driving a steer in a truck-wagon. They had beans, grapes, and watermelons, to sell to the soldiers. A comrade bought two melons for *ten dollars*, Confederate money. The women much preferred greenbacks. These women could chew tobacco and spit like *old regulars*."

On the first of October, we discovered that Hood had crossed to the west side of the Chattahoochee, south of Sweet Water creek, and was moving rapidly with his whole army against Sherman's line of communications.

Garrard's and Kilpatrick's divisions patrolled the north bank of Sweet Water and Powder Springs creeks. We found every ford strongly guarded by the enemy. While Stewart's corps, the advance of Hood's army, was tearing up the railroad, capturing the garrisons at Big Shanty and Acworth, and moving upon our depot of supplies at Allatoona, our cavalry corps under command of General Elliott was fighting Hood's infantry between Dallas and Kenesaw. The enemy occupied the old fortifications of the National army in front of Pine mountain.

Sherman stood on Kenesaw Mountain, and watched the issues of the battle at Allatoona. He signaled

over the heads of the enemy, to General Corse, commanding the beleaguered garrison, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," to which the gallant Corse replied, "I will." The enemy had already shot him in the one cheek, and he was ready to turn to them the other also. The repeated assaults of Stewart's corps, were repulsed with a loss to the enemy of one thousand men. Sherman was not only concerned for the safety of the garrison, but also for the ten hundred thousand rations of bread stored at Allatoona.

The signal defeat at Allatoona induced Hood to withdraw his army from the main road, and threaten Rome, Georgia, with his cavalry, while his main column crossed the Coosa, at Gaylesville, twelve miles southwest of Rome. Garrard's division was hurried forward to intercept the enemy at Rome. When our advance arrived at Rome, Wheeler's cavalry had already occupied the hills on the north and west, commanding the town.

Garrard deployed his division in line of battle, and drove back the enemy two miles the same evening.

Next morning, the thirteenth of October, we found a brigade of Wheeler's cavalry still in line of battle, occupying a strong position in our front. When our column came up within range of their artillery, they opened on us quite lively.

As luck would have it, the "Old Seventh" was

again in advance. The regiment halted in the road in column of fours, supported in close order by the Fourth Regulars. Wilder's brigade dismounted and formed line in a swampy ravine on the left of the road.

The Fourth Michigan deployed on the right of the road. Beyond the muddy ravine in our front, the road led up a tolerably steep and rocky hill skirted with timber, on which the enemy's battery was posted, and supported on right and left by a brigade of dismounted troopers.

The "Seventh" was ordered to "draw sabre." The signal-gun was fired, and the whole line leaped forward with a piercing "yell," and a determination to conquer or die. The "Seventh" dashed through mud and water belly-deep, and charged up the hill-side under a scathing fire of grape-shot and rifle-balls. The advance rode over the gunners and the dismounted horsemen, and captured the battery. At the moment of victory a brave soldier, Lewis Catherman, of Captain Schaeffer's Company, was mortally wounded in the breast, and reeling from his horse, he fell violently against a stump on the side of the road, which augmented his pain, and hurried his death in the hospital at Rome.

In looking over my army diary of October 13th, 1864, I find a detailed account of a personal adventure, which, so far, has been related only to intimate friends; but, as such a story is likely to be exagger-

ated or perverted by passing from one person to another by word of mouth, the writer has concluded to lay before the reader the sum and substance of the occurrence, as translated from the original.

My clumsy sorrel lost his footing on the slippery rocks just in front of the rebel line. He was going at full headway when he dropped on his knees, and rolled over on his left flank. A mule and his rider came tumbling over my horse, and for half a minute both riders were pinned to the ground. Fortunately, neither of us had any bones broken. We re-mounted and hurried to the brow of the hill. We turned to the right, into the woods, which was swarming with bewildered "Johnnies." Many surrendered without firing a shot. Several hundred prisoners were taken to the rear.

The bugle sounded recall. All our skirmishers fell back and re-formed column in the road. But as I had taken so little part in the fight, I did not obey the "call." Before me was an open field, crossed by a ravine beyond which the rebel cavalry was forming line within range of my carbine. The temptation to empty the magazine of my "Spencer" was too strong to be resisted.

After firing a few shots, I saw a rebel officer leaping the fence twenty yards to my right, and starting to run across the open field to join his comrades. In his right hand he held a navy revolver, and in his left an officer's sword. I leveled my

"Spencer" and ordered him, sharply, to halt and throw down his arms, which he did. But seeing that I was altogether alone, he seized his weapons again, sprang to the stump of a broken tree, twenty paces from me, fired two shots from his revolver, and said in a defiant tone, "I'll fight you!" To run was about as dangerous as to stand my ground, so I dismounted and prepared to fight on foot. He took advantage of this parley, and ran to a fence-corner only ten paces to my right. He laid his revolver between the rails and took deliberate aim. I could not get a sight at him, I had no ammunition to waste, I had only one cartridge left in the magazine, and I prayed God that it might not fail me in this hour of my extremity. Discretion, the better part of valor, suggested an immediate change of base. I took my horse by the rein, and made a left about wheel, two paces to the rear, taking position on the left side of my horse. My antagonist in the meantime fired two more shots, wounding my horse in the hip; and mistaking my maneuvers for a retreat, he rushed forward and peremptorily demanded my surrender. He came to the fence, which was partly thrown down a few paces in front of me. He was in the act of stepping across when I ordered him a second time to halt. My gun was leveled; he raised his revolver with a threat: I fired! His arm dropped without discharging his revolver. His tall form sank to the ground as he

exclaimed, "I'm a dead man." At once I dropped my carbine, and offered him my hand; he gave it a friendly grasp and said, "You have killed a good man." "I'm sorry for it," said I, "and why did you take up your arms again?" Said he, "I made a vow that I would never surrender to one man. You were the only man I saw, and I determined to fight you, and get possession of your horse—then I could have made my escape. You did your duty, but you might have surrendered to me."

After making him as comfortable as I could with overcoat and blanket, I inquired his name and rank. He said his name was William H. Lawrence, Captain and acting Colonel of the Eighth Alabama cavalry.

He said he had a wife and two dear children living at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. His wife and daughter were devoted Christians, and he lamented that he had not lived a better life in the army. He did not feel prepared to die. He knew that he must die. The ball struck the corner of his belt-plate and passed through his body, inflicting a mortal wound. His mind was perfectly clear, and for one-half hour we were alone, undisturbed, and we wept and prayed together, invoking the Infinite Mercy of God to forgive us both. Seeing the bugler of our regiment at a distance, I called to him to bring up a stretcher to carry back a wounded officer. We carried him three-quarters of a mile to the field

hospital, and had his wounds dressed. Before I left him he gave me his diary, and requested me to send it to his wife, and tell her that he died happy. After his death next day, the surgeon found on his person a ten-dollar gold piece, and a signet-ring with his wife's photograph set in it, in miniature."

The officers at our brigade head-quarters persuaded me to give up the diary, and after examining it, they promised to forward it to Mrs. Lawrence.

At the close of the war, the writer addressed her at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. She replied that she had not received the diary. The writer informed her that he had in his possession a sword and revolver which belonged to her husband, who fell in battle near Rome, Georgia, and if she desired it, he would forward them to her by express. She said her husband wrote her on the morning of that fatal day, and feared the results of the approaching conflict. She said her boy "Willie," eleven years old, would like to have his papa's sword. The sword and revolver were forwarded immediately, and a prompt answer came back, with many thanks from the mother and her son.

Sherman followed in the wake of Hood's army as far as Gaylesville, Alabama. Here he halted his columns, and prepared for that illustrious "March to the Sea." The writer saw this modern Xenophon sitting on a camp-stool in front of his head-quarters

at Gaylesville—with his head leaning on his hands, engaged in profound study, and evolving in his brain a plan of campaign, which surpassed anything ever dreamed of by the most celebrated Athenian general.

He divided his army—sending Thomas, with thirty thousand men, back to Tennessee, to take care of Hood, while he, with sixty-five thousand, would move seaward "Marching through Georgia."

Minty's brigade was ordered to turn over its horses to Kilpatrick's division. The "Seventh" turned over horses and mules to the Ninth Pennsylvania cavalry.

While this work was progressing, Major Jennings and Captain Schaeffer of the "Seventh," were mustered out, their time of service, three years, having expired. The writer accompanied them to Rome, the nearest railroad station.

The next day he returned to camp unattended, and not a little uneasy concerning guerrillas and bushwhackers.

On the twenty-fifth of October, Minty's dismounted brigade was ordered back to Middle Tennessee—to be re-mounted. We reached Kingston—weary and foot-sore. We boarded a train of box cars, and via Chattanooga, Tullahoma and Murfreesboro, we reached Nashville. The supply of horses in Thomas's army was already exhausted. Our brigade was sent back to Louisville, Kentucky, with

instructions to seize the best horses we could find on the street and in the livery stables. Family horses were pressed into the service, and in some cases, where the horses were special favorites with the family, they were returned.

Thomas stood in great need of mounted troops to contend against Forrest, the bold Confederate raider, who was co-operating with Hood in middle Tennessee, with a mounted force of eight thousand men. Minty's brigade was ordered to report to General Thomas at Nashville as soon as possible.

Before leaving Louisville, a message was read to our company from President Lincoln, dismissing from the service of the United States Second Lieut. E. F. Nixon, "for disgracefully surrendering the block-houses near Columbia, Tennessee." Nixon was a prisoner at Selma, Ala., and knew nothing of his disgrace until the close of the war. Nixon had charge of two block-houses, on opposite banks of Duck river, guarding the railroad bridge on the Nashville and Decatur road, occupied by a garrison of seventy men. These stockades were regarded bomb-proof. Large letters were posted on the inside, "*No surrender to any force for twenty-four hours.*"

On the first of October, 1864, General Forrest invested this small garrison, with a force of eight thousand men and two batteries of artillery. He sent a flag of truce, and requested an interview with the officer in command.

Nixon mounted the horse which was provided for him. He met Forrest, who was exceedingly pleasant and social, and as the story goes he offered the the lieutenant his eanteen, and possibly drugged him. He displayed his forees with the ability of an actor, then taking a bottle from his pocket containing Greek fire, he threw it on a stump, and instantly it was wrapped in flames.

Turning to the lieutenant, he said: "If I must sacrifice any of my men in taking your block houses, I shall refuse to take any prisoners! Those dismounted grenadiers yonder will charge down that hillside and close up your port-holes, and throw this unquenchable fire all over your stockade, and burn you to cinders!" The lieutenant was allowed only a few minutes in which to return an answer. He conferred with his men, and with one or two exceptions they voted in favor of an immediate surrender.

Forrest at once took possession. He burnt the bridge and the stockades, then advanced upon Linnville, twelve miles south, and demanded a similar interview with First Lieutenant Jacob Sigmund. His reply was, that he had no business with General Forrest: "My business is to defend this blockhouse, and I propose to do it!"

After firing a few solid shots with his artillery, Forrest withdrew in the direction of Spring Hill.

Colonel Sipes, commanding the garrisons at Col-

umbia and the neighboring stations, at once recommended the dismission of Lieutenant Nixon, and the forfeiture of nearly one thousand dollars back-pay.

This sentence, in my humble judgment, was too severe. He should have had a hearing, as well as his superior officers. He produced in his defense a number of sworn statements, certifying that his ammunition had been badly damaged by the recent rains, that he had repeatedly made application to Col. Sipes for a fresh supply of ammunition, and the requisition remained unfilled. His superior officer took advantage of his absence as a prisoner of war, and had him disgraced without any opportunity to make a defense. If this had been the only surrender made of the kind during the war, such severity might have been justifiable; but history points to a score or more instances of unconditional surrender, even less excusable, and yet the officers in command escaped without a reprimand.

Nixon's record as a soldier brands the *lie* on the statement that he was a coward. He rode at the head of his regiment in the charge at Lebanon, at Unionville, McMinnville, Shelbyville, and on the Atlanta campaign, as far as Kenesaw, from which point he was sent to the rear on account of sickness.

If only a small tithe of the influence had been brought to bear in his favor, which was exerted in the case of Fitz John Porter, he would have had his honor restored long before this; but it is now

too late. A few years ago he met a sad death, on a wrecked train near Renovo, Pennsylvania. His body was crushed and scalded between the engine and tender.

As comrades, let us mantle his tomb with that charity which never faileth!

Sigmund returned to Louisville, and assumed command of the company He was justly entitled to a captain's commission, as successor to Captain Schaeffer. But a young spurt from Philadelphia, who had won considerable celebrity as a match-peddler, and had served a few months as Adjutant, was promoted as Captain of company "E." Lieut. Sigmund at once presented his resignation, and the company unanimously protested against the new appointment. Colonel Seibert promised to make it all right. The aspiring Adjutant resigned, and Adjutant-General Inhoff, on Garrard's staff, was appointed nominal captain of company "E," leaving the command in the hands of Sigmund.

The writer, somehow, came to be appointed company commissary; the duties of which were, if anything, more disagreeable than those of "corporal of the guard." To know just how many crackers and fractions of a cracker to give to each man, how many grains of coffee, how many spoonfuls of sugar to put into each man's poke; to know just how large a slice of flitch would furnish enough grease for three days' hard-tack, and still have enough

left to run the machinery of the cook-shop, was a problem whose correct solution required a thorough knowledge of the higher mathematics, especially *differential calculus*.

In the latter part of December, Minty's brigade, mounted on slcek horses, started for Nashville. We took substantially the same route we had taken three years before.

On leaving camp at Louisville, the writer had a serious time with the company pack-mules. These intercsting animals now took the place of baggage wagons. It was measurably a new experience for the writer and his "contraband" help, to pack one of these omnibuscs on lcgs.

We loaded down three of them with camp-kettles, cooking utensils, cracker boxes, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention. On one mule we failed to draw the saddle-girths sufficiently tight. The *omnium gatherum* (not being well-balancecd), turned undcr, and the mule kicked the bucket, in a lively sense.

Before we had gone ten miles my fat gray charger, which was the pick out of a hundred, could be heard for forty rods wheezing with the heaves. Never was mortal man worse deceived by "looking on the outward appearance."

At Bardstown, Kentucky, Captain Robert McCormick and Surgeon J L. Shcrk, of the "Seventh," left the main column on the afternoon of December

29th, 1864, and made a friendly call on a family living near our former camp—at the same house where Lieutenant H. H. Best died in sixty-two. While they were engaged in social conversation in the parlor, eating fruit from plates which had been served to them by the ladies of the house, a band of guerrillas rushed to the doors and windows, and opened a murderous fusilade with their revolvers, on the two officers. Disregarding all entreaties, they stripped their victims of watches and money, and left them dead, with four and five bullet-holes in their bodies. The murderers were mounted on fast horses, and made their escape to the mountains.

We marched through Kentucky in mid-winter; the cold, some days, was intense. At night we frequently camped on six inches of snow.

On the first Sunday in January, 1865, we reached Nashville.

General Thomas was in pursuit of Hood's shattered army. Minty's brigade pushed rapidly southward through Franklin, Columbia, Lawrenceburg, to Gravelly Springs on the north bank of the Tennessee, opposite East Port, Mississippi. On this gravelly ridge, where nothing ever grew for man or beast, Wilson's cavalry corps spent the winter of sixty-five. One week we subsisted on parched corn—one quart only allowed per day, for a man and horse. Half rations of bread, and two

days in five some beef-bones and blue-gristle, constituted the average supply for the winter.

The boys said the beef-cattle were driven through a swamp every day, and the weakest and boniest ones, that stuck fast in the mud, were killed at once and distributed.

CHAPTER XVII.

WILSON'S RAID THROUGH ALABAMA AND GEORGIA.

THE cavalry corps which was organized on the banks of the Tennessee, during the winter of sixty-five, consisted of four divisions—commanded, respectively by Generals McCook, Long, Upton, and Hatch; with Major General J H. Wilson as commander-in-chief.

Minty's old brigade constituted a part of Long's division.

About the middle of March, Wilson's command began to cross over on the south side of the Tennessee river.

The "Seventh" broke camp at two o'clock Monday morning. We turned the night into day, by making bonfires of our winter quarters.

The writer wrote a letter home from Chickasaw Landing, dated March seventeenth, 1865, in which he says, "We crossed the river last Monday on the steamer Westmoreland. We are now encamped three miles northeast of East Port. We are turning over all our excess baggage. Each cavalryman is required to carry one hundred rounds of ammunition on his sabre-belt and in his saddle pockets. Sixty days' rations of sugar and coffee are to be

carried on wagons and mules. We must depend on the country through which we pass, for bread and meat. Our company now reports seventy mounted men for duty. Colonel C. C. McCormick, a tall handsome man, and a gallant officer, is now in command of the "old Seventh."

On the twenty-third of March, General Wilson put his columns in motion southward. Upton's division took an easterly direction, and turning southward from Cherokee Station, kept on the left of the main column.

Long's and McCook's divisions moved south through Frankfort and Russellville, to Black Warrior river. The crossing of this stream was beset with many difficulties, but the news that Forrest was concentrating his forces in our front, urged Wilson to push his corps across as rapidly as possible. A few horses were lost in the river, but no men. Leaving the wagons and artillery far behind (with a train-guard of 1500 dismounted men), the column pressed rapidly forward through Elyton and Montevallo. At this point Croxton's brigade was sent to the right, to destroy the military school, bridges, factories, and public stores at Tuscaloosa, and then rejoin the main column at Selma, if practicable. He did not find it practicable, however, and making a detour through northern Alabama, he finally made connections with Wilson at Macon, Georgia.

Upton's division joined the main column at Montevallo on the thirty-first, and led the advance. The enemy attempted to make a stand five miles south of Montevallo, and after a sharp engagement they were completely routed, leaving fifty prisoners in our hands.

Next day Upton and Long pushed Forrest's cavalry vigorously, in the direction of Selma.

In the afternoon, Forrest offered battle on the north bank of Bigler creek. He had a force of five thousand men, and several batteries, well posted behind barricades.

General Long ordered forward a few regiments of Indiana mounted infantry, to break the enemy's line, and then ordered Col. Frank White, commanding the Seventeenth Indiana, to make a sabre charge. "This regiment drove the enemy behind his barricades, charged against his main line, broke through it, rode over his guns, and turning left about, they cut their way out, leaving Captain Taylor and sixteen men with the enemy. In this charge, Taylor lost his life, having led his men into the midst of the enemy, and engaged in a running fight, for two hundred yards, with General Forrest himself."

In this fight of one hour's duration, the enemy lost three guns and two hundred prisoners.

"At sundown, Wilson's command bivouacked near Plantersville, keeping up a sharp skirmish with the

enemy, who had been driven twenty-five miles during that day."

At daylight next morning, April second, 1865, Long's and Upton's columns were in rapid motion toward Selma.

Minty's brigade led the advance on the direct road, Upton's division moved south on a road to the left of Long's line of march, and both columns converged toward Selma, pushing Forrest's rear-guard rapidly before them. During this rapid march of eighteen miles, the writer rode in company with Lieut. Sigmund, commanding the second battalion of our regiment. The lieutenant was unusually quiet and sober-minded that day. He expected a desperate battle with Forrest's command at Selma.

Early in the afternoon Long's division was in line across the Summerfield road, not more than six hundred yards from the enemy's works. From our position we had an excellent view of the defenses of Selma. In our front were three batteries of artillery, strongly posted behind heavy parapets, projecting from the main line of earthworks. To charge the enemy at this point, it was necessary to pass over an open field enfiladed by artillery and swept by musketry, to break through a stockade of cedar posts five feet high and sharpened at the top, to pass over another open space fifteen yards wide, into the broad deep ditch, under the flaming muzzles

of the enemy, then to climb an embankment whose slant-height was fifteen feet, to the top of the parapet, lined by a head-log behind which the enemy stood shoulder to shoulder, ready to deliver their well-directed volleys into the breast of the advancing battalions. It was seareely presumed by officers or men, that General Wilson would order dismounted dragoons to make an assault upon such formidable earthworks.

Nevertheless, after careful reconnoissance, he ordered the assault to be made. A signal gun from Rodney's battery, on our left, was to designate the moment for a general advance. We were waiting for Upton's division to get into position on our left.

While standing in line, we saw a train of Union prisoners going south on the Alabama and Mississippi Railroad. They cheered and waved their hats to us as they sped out of sight.

That hour of suspense, in waiting for the signal, was terrible. Lieut. Sigmund turning over his horse to his colored servant, said, "Good bye, Morgan, I am not sure that I shall see you again."

Before General Upton was ready to assault the enemy on the left, a sharp skirmish began on our right and rear. Chalmers' brigade of Confederate cavalry was trying to cross Valley Creek on our right, and join Forrest within the defences of Selma.

Fearing that this attack in the rear might eom-

promise the general assault upon the town, General Long strengthened his rear guard, and determined to wait no longer on the signal gun, but with fifteen hundred dismounted men, out of the Seventh Pennsylvania, Fourth Michigan, Fourth Ohio, and Seventeenth Indiana, charged the enemy's works directly in his front.

The line advanced over the brow of the hill, down through the open field, receiving the raking fire of the double-shotted batteries. The officers gallantly led their men on foot. Lieut. Sigmund was at the head of his battalion, going straight for the works, on the open Summerville road. There were no trees, no bushes, no logs, no rocks, behind which to seek shelter; there was no alternative but to face the fire. The fence on the left of the road was splintered and shivered by grape-shot. We reached the stockade. Sigmund was the first in the line to lift a stake and pass through. Some leaped over the stockade, others passed through the small openings. Sigmund did not stop in the ditch and wait for the battalion to come up. He clambered up the embankment, and just as he reached the top of the parapet, the first out of fifteen hundred, he received a charge of twenty buckshot in his face, from a muzzle less than twenty inches from him. The brave Lieutenant rolled back, and lay lifeless at our feet. Colonel Minty ordered the brigade to re-form in the ditch, and all

move over the embankment at once. The boys crawled to the top, and one volley from the "Spencers" scattered the rebel host, and Minty's brigade stood victors on the first line of earthworks. At this moment, General Wilson rode upon the field with the Fourth Regulars, and ordered a sabre-charge to be made on the second line of earthworks; but the charge was repulsed. At this stage of the battle, heavy firing was heard on the left. General Upton had penetrated the works on the left, and was driving the enemy before him into the streets of Selma. Simultaneously with this movement, Minty's dismounted regiments made another charge on the right, and carried everything before them; they did not stop until the town was captured, and Forrest's command completely routed. We never saw our boys so wrought up with the excitement of battle, and the unrestrained joy of victory. They laughed, they shouted, they clapped their hands for joy! Comrades met, clasped hands, wept, and blessed God that so many of us were safe!

It was now dark, and we were resting three miles from the point where we started in the charge. A small squad was organized, consisting of Best, Wasson, Herr, Allison, and the writer, to go back in the night and carry Sigmund to a place of shelter. The night was very dark, and threatening with thunder-showers. We had gone back only a quarter of a mile when we heard some one

groaning with intense pain in the bushes to our right. We went to the spot, and found a Confederate soldier with his right leg shattered below the knee by a minie-ball. He said one of our boys had left a canteen full of water with him: he had not expected such kindness from the Yankees. He said he had been conscripted a few hours before the battle, and rushed into the breastworks in our front just as the battle opened. When our men mounted the parapet, he said, he did some "right smart running," but one of our Yankee bullets caught him before he got quite out of the woods.

We proposed to carry him to the nearest shanty, and have his wound dressed, for which he was very grateful. We attempted to lift him on a board, and finding him heavier than we had calculated, we inquired his weight. He said his average weight was *three hundred and twenty*, but that he had lost some since he had joined the army. By resting a few times, we managed to carry him forty rods to a deserted shanty, where already several wounded "Johnnies" had found shelter. Some of these poor fellows were cursing the Yankees when we entered; but our Confederate giant hushed them up, and said they had every reason to be thankful for the kind treatment they had received.

He requested us to write our names in his pocket-diary; that if any of us should be captured at any time, we should write to him at Selma, and he

would come to our relief. He did not suppose that the great Southern Confederacy was about to give up the ghost. He said his name was Mr. Dudley, that his brother had been a United States' Senator from Alabama, that he lived twelve miles east of Selma, on the Montgomery road, and if we passed that way, we would confer a lasting favor by communicating to his family his present hopeful condition. We promised to deliver his message, if at all possible.

The night was so dark, the clouds so threatening, and the direction through the timber so uncertain, that our further search for Lieutenant Sigmund was abandoned until morning.

Next morning, we found him at the foot of the embankment where he fell and died without a struggle. His bearded and manly face, which had passed unscarred through many a hard-fought battle, was now blackened with powder, and riddled with shot.

His death, now, seems to us doubly sad, when we remember that it was the last battle in which his regiment was engaged.

Our instructions from the adjutant were, to bury our dead near where they fell. Several of us dug the grave, while Sergeants Brieker, Darrah, and Loveland prepared a rough coffin. We wrapped the hero in his gory shroud, and laid him to rest. When it was decided to rest the command a few

days at Selma, the Masonic brotherhood raised the Lieutenant, and buried him in the public cemetery, attended by all the honors of war.

Colonel McCormick of our regiment was severely wounded in the shoulder. General Long was disabled by a wound in the thigh, and Colonel Minty succeeded to the command of the division.

Our company, in addition to its commander, lost Henry Paul, mortally wounded in four places, and his brother George was shot in the shoulder, from which injury he has died since the war; also Jacob Knights, Samuel McGill, George Fidler, William Fite, Joseph Allison, and Samuel Best, were wounded more or less seriously

As this was the last important battle in which our regiment was engaged, we will present the reader with a complimentary quotation from *Van Horne's History*, approved by Gencral Thomas:

"The charge of General Long, his brigade commanders leading with him, and fifteen hundred and fifty men following, was brilliant in the extreme. A single line without support advanced in utmost exposure for five or six hundred yards, leaped a stockade five feet high, a ditch five feet deep and fifteen wide, and a parapet ten feet high, and drove Armstrong's brigade, the best of Forrest's command, over fifteen hundred strong, in rout from works of great strength and advantages of wonderful superiority; and this was done while sixteen

field-guns were playing upon them. In the charge, Colonel Dobbs, of the Fourth Ohio, was killed; General Long, and Colonels Miller, McCormick, and Biggs were wounded. The aggregate loss of the division was forty-seven killed, and two hundred and sixty wounded.

"The fruits of victory were in correspondence with the gallantry of the troops that won it—thirty-one field guns, one thirty-pounder Parrott, two thousand seven hundred prisoners, including one hundred and fifty officers. Lieut. General Taylor sought safety in flight early in the afternoon, and under cover of the darkness, Generals Forrest, Roddy, Armstrong, and Adams, escaped with a number of men. The enemy destroyed twenty-five thousand bales of cotton; but left the foundries, machine shops, arsenals, and warehouses of this immense depot of war material, for the torch."

On the tenth of April, Wilson's command crossed the swift current of the Alabama river at Selma, by means of a pontoon bridge nine hundred feet long. The column moved rapidly eastward, on the direct road to Montgomery.

After we had marched several hours, we began to inquire after Mr. Dudley's family, and at a late hour in the afternoon, we found the house he had so minutely described to us. The wife and three or four of the daughters stood at the gate, inquiring of the soldiers as they passed concerning the fate

of Mr. Dudley. None in all that long procession of horsemen could give them any reliable information, until Corporal Best and the writer rode up to the gate, and delivered the welcome message from the husband and father. Their expressions of gratitude were unbounded. The comrades of Mr. Dudley, who had made their escape, reported that he was killed—that they had seen him fall in the edge of the wood. Our message, therefore, was doubly grateful, coming as it did from a loved one whom they supposed to be dead!

At Montgomery, we anticipated another hard battle; but to our happy surprise, on the morning of April twelfth, the mayor and city council met our advance with a flag of truce, and surrendered the capital of Alabama, and the first capital of the Southern Confederacy, without firing a shot. "But how great changes four years of civil war hath wrought! On the fourth of March, 1861, the insurgent congress asserted, with great pomp and circumstance, the independence of seven slave-holding states." "To-day the quiet streets, the fleeing troopers and hiding citizens, are in striking antithesis to the pomp and boast of the frenzied multitude on that ill-fated inaugural."

The rear-guard of the enemy, on leaving the city, put the torch to *ninety thousand* bales of cotton—a fitting illumination to signalize the downfall of "*King Cotton.*"

Wilson's column marched through Montgomery, greeted by many demonstrations of joy on the part of freedmen and loyal citizens. Not a soldier was allowed to break ranks. No private property was molested. All Confederate stores and munitions of war were destroyed.

After resting one day in camp outside the city, we resumed our line of march for Columbus, Georgia.

On the way, it was customary for each company to send out each day a small foraging squad to the right or left of the column, in charge of a non-commissioned officer. The instructions given to the foragers were, to pick up all serviceable mules and horses, to mount them each with an able-bodied negro, to gather supplies in the shape of flour, meal, chicken, turkey, ham, or fresh pork. Accordingly, on the first day's march east of Montgomery, it came the writer's turn to take charge of such an expedition. Some seemed to enjoy this kind of work, but to the writer it was absolutely the most distasteful service in the army. But it had come to that pass that a soldier who could not forage successfully might as well be in the hospital. *To have foraged well* was an achievement that called for higher compliment, than "to have fought well." Early in the day, the writer, with a squad of ten, started out to the right of the main column in search of plunder. We rode hard all forenoon,

stopping at a number of houses, making fruitless inquiries of women and negroes, peeping into smoke-houses, looking through stables, penetrating swamps, and with all found nothing. The answer everywhere was the same:

"Capting, de mules run'd away." "De hams done gone."

It was soon time to abandon our wanderings and return to the main column. Must we suffer the mortification of going to camp without a hair or feather of some kind? Seeing a group of plantation hands in front of us, we rode up hurriedly, and inquired if they knew of any mules or horses in the neighborhood. They declared upon honor, they knew of none. We singled out the stoutest negro in the party, and ordered him to "fall in," and keep pace with our horses. We told him what our instructions were, and that as soon as we found a horse or mule we would let him ride. "Trot up, boys, we must move along, or night will overtake us before we reach camp!"

After trotting along about forty rods, the negro exclaimed—"Say! Capting, I knows whar is two mighty fine mules!"

"All right! you mount my horse and we will ride over and get them."

By winding through the heavy timber a mile or more, we came to a stable occupied by two monstrous long-eared quadrupeds. We ordered our

negro, who happened to belong to that plantation, to find a bridle and mount one of the mules as soon as possible, while we proceeded to the house to find another negro, to ride the other mule. The lady of the house met us at the front gate. She began to agonize, and pray aloud to Almighty God for protection. She was a widow, and wholly dependent on her negroes for support.

Her husband, who was a rebel captain, ran out at the back door and hid in the bushes, just as we rode up to the front-gate; which fact was communicated to us too late to be of any service. We steeled our hearts against her prayers and imprecations. "If you must take my mules, do let me have my negroes."

We eased conscience a little by saying that "if we did not take them, others would."

The boys began to mount. The lady brought a pitcher of wine and offered each a glass. Turning to her colored servants she said, "Go bring a ham for my boys, they will want something to eat; bring some bed-clothes, they must have something to sleep on." Verily, she was heaping coals of fire on our heads!

Then began the music of broken heart-strings among the servants, as they said to their companions—"Good bye, brother Jim." "Good bye, brother George." "De Lord bless ye."

We could stand it no longer. We put spurs to

our horses, and said "Forward." We galloped through the woods, shutting our ears against the prayers of the widow, and the heart-rending cries of the servants.

When we had gone a few miles with our dear-bought booty, we met another plantation-group, and while we were sounding the depths of their hearts for the whereabouts of some more mules, a colored boy divulged the secret that a keg of "apple-jack" was hid along the orchard fence.

Instantly, about one-half of our squad broke ranks and charged down through the orchard, and "took jack in," that is, they took into their canteens the contents of the keg.

Before we had gone much farther, one of our boys became somewhat hilarious. Knowing that the country through which we were passing was unfriendly to the "Yankees," either drunk or sober, and not wishing to lose any of our brave squad, we resolved to pour out the "apple brandy" and save our young friend; although it crossed his will a little at the time, he has, since the war, frequently expressed his gratitude for this timely interference.

We stopped at a large white house for something to eat. We found the lady of the house greatly distressed. She said during the night previous two men, dressed in our uniform, broke into her house and demanded the "five hundred dollars in

silver," which they knew was hid about the house. She refused to divulge the secret. They searched and rummaged every part of the house, and failed to find any trace of the money. Then one of the robbers drew his revolver and threatened to send a ball crashing through her brain, if she did not instantly reveal the place where it was hid. She still refused, but her little girl was almost frantic with fear, and begged her mother to tell where the money was. She yielded rather to the child's entreaty than to the robber's threat. They found the money in a tin box, buried in the corner of the garden. It was a pitiful story, and it was doubtless true. She supposed it was some of our soldiers who committed this villainous deed, but it is not at all probable, as our advance halted more than ten miles west of her place on the night of the robbery. It is much more reasonable to suppose that they were Confederate stragglers, or professional robbers, in disguise. She said her husband was a Union man, and in order to escape conscription, he had gone north, and was doing business in the State of Massachusetts. The five hundred dollars he had left with her to support the family during his absence.

We had no desire to make any further inquiry about mules or horses, and from this point we beat a hasty retreat to the main column. We stopped to feed our horses in a country town through which

Upton's division was passing. We told our colored boys to go up town, and if they saw our soldiers making a raid on the Confederate stores, they should go in and help themselves.

In a short time they came back, one with a bushel of coffee on his shoulder, and the other with half a hundred pounds of sugar.

After a brief conference, we decided to let the colored boys go back to their mistress, if they preferred to do so. They said their mistress was very kind to them, and they would like to go back. We loaded them with coffee and sugar, and sent them home.

We lost prestige as foragers, but in peace of mind we were gainers.

On the night of the sixteenth, Upton's division made a gallant assault upon the enemy's works at Columbus, Ga., capturing fifty-two guns and twelve hundred prisoners.

The covered bridge over the Chattahoochee river was saved from the torch. The bridge was lined inside with cotton saturated with turpentine, so that one match would put the entire bridge in a blaze; but the enemy was so completely surprised and utterly routed that no one seemed to think of a match. This was characteristic of the entire raid, that the enemy was so closely pressed as to find no opportunity to burn any important bridges.

The next objective point was Macon, and thence

to Andersonville prison. Minty's division took the advance. On the twentieth of April, when our advance-guard was yet thirteen miles west of Macon, a flag of truce, in charge of General Robinson, came out to meet us.

The communication was from General Cobb, commanding Confederate forces at Macon, apprising General Wilson of Lee's surrender to Grant, and of the armistice existing between the forces of Sherman and Johnston.

In view of this truce, Wilson was requested to halt his troops, and cease further hostilities, until the armistice was closed. Before General Wilson could reach the front and satisfy himself as to the truth of the above statements, Minty's advance had dashed into town and received the surrender of the garrison.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOUTS AND TEARS.

FROM the time we left Chickasaw Landing on the Tennessee, until our arrival at Macon, we were cut off from all communication with the north, and isolated from the rest of the Federal armies.

We had no news from the seat of war, only as it came to us through the Confederate press, which was always perverted so as to keep up the courage of their dispirited troops.

At Columbus, we learned through the Rebel papers that Lee's army had abandoned Richmond, and was moving to the support of Johnston, and with their combined forces they would crush Sherman.

We lay at Macon one month, before railroad communication was opened with Nashville. But a few days after reaching Macon, Wilson was informed officially by couriers from General Thomas' headquarters, that "Lee had surrendered his army and himself to Grant on the 9th of April, 1865." Rumors to this effect had been in the air for a week, but they were too good to be trusted.

For two weeks the wave of joy had been sweeping over the country from Maine to California; the loyal states vied with each other in chiming their

bells, and raising their voices to the high notes of victory The "good news" coming to us a fortnight later, was no less precious, when it once broke upon our hearts in all its glad reality It was a lovely morning in May, when the booming of cannon announced the surrender of Johnston to Sherman, including all the armed forces east of the Mississippi. The cry went up from every part of the camp, "The war is over!" "Thank God! the cruel war is over!"

The "boys" simply turned wild for one hour. They shouted. they leaped for joy They tossed their hats in the air. The colored cooks danced a jig to the music of camp-kettles and frying pans. The air was full of canteens, tin cups, haversacks; and thick as snow-flakes with the army-cracker. Men of all creeds, and all temperaments, joined in the general jubilee. Methodists shouted, "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" Presbyterians looked on approvingly, and inwardly praised God for his eternal decree of victory to the Union cause. The natives of the Fatherland, remembering Luther's battle-hymn, said, "Gott sei dank!" "Varlich, ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!" Men of every creed, and of no creed, could join as never before or since, in singing the long meter doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

In the midst of these demonstrations of joy, the paroled prisoners of the South were returning to

their homes. Many of them were ragged and barefooted. Some carried an arm in a sling, others limped from bullet wounds yet unhealed. This mournful procession was the funeral march of the "lost cause." In their weary journey these dejected, battle-worn veterans halted in our camps, rested peacefully in our tents, shared our coffee and hard-tack; and, seated around our camp-fires, they spoke freely of their blasted hopes and broken fortunes. They must return to their homes without honor and without money. Many of these brave men found their families in want, their homes devastated, their servants gone, and their "scrip" worthless. The cause for which they had fought so bravely was lost. To those who believed their cause to be just, this was the bitterest cup of all. In the hospital at Murfreesboro, we met a Confederate soldier, with a bullet-hole in his breast, letting the light of day to his very heart, and yet he declared with the solemn utterances of a dying man, "I'm dying for the right!" There were many brave men, honest men, sincere men, in the Confederate ranks, who believed firmly in the cause which they were defending. Bitter tears, scalding tears, were shed for the lost cause.

The maimed soldiers of the Confederacy could not expect pension from a government which had no longer any existence. The widows and orphans left by the three hundred thousand who had fallen

in the battle, could not obtain any redress from the late government at Richmond. You may be sure there was no ringing of bells in the south! There was no place for the doxology, except only to thank Providence that it was not any worse.

The hymn which at this time expressed more fully perhaps than any other, the doleful sentiments of the southern heart, was that of Isaac Watts:

> "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
> We wretched sinners lay,
> Without one cheerful beam of hope,
> Or spark of glimm'ring day."

The news of Lincoln's assassination was given to the army by piecemeal. "Lincoln wounded." "Lincoln shot by an actor." "Lincoln dying!" "Dead!"

The guns were silenced, the flags were lowered, the whole country was moved to tears! The captain fell at the helm, just as the ship of State was entering the port of peace. The North wept for a fallen leader, who with steady hand and cheerful heart had brought them safely through the storm of rebellion. The South lamented the loss of a friend who knew no malice.

The emancipated Israel of the South mourned bitterly for their deliverer—"Father Abraham."

Tears! and only tears, for the Confederate soldier. There was no ray of hope, no sunny evangel,

to wipe away one bitter tear. The Union soldier had a shout for every tear!

How strange was the ending! The conqueror and the conquered, sitting together like brothers around one camp-fire.

The memory of a hundred battle-fields need not beget one feeling of malice or revenge toward a worthy foe. True soldiers met on the bloody field, not in anger, not to avenge themselves, but in sublime devotion to principle. The human heart is not capable of a purer, more exalted feeling than that which swells the breast of a soldier, as he stands before the cannon's mouth for the sake of principle.

We have reason to believe that the future historian, in narrating the wonderful prosperity of our country, and the universal freedom exercised by all classes, without distinction of race or color, will yet convince the survivors of the Confederate armies that the achievement of their cherished hopes would have been a calamity, not only to the North, but also to the South; and that the children of the conquered will rise up and thank the armies of the Union for averting the wreck of disunion, and transmitting to posterity, "One country and one flag."

May the "shouts" of prosperity of peace and of harmony continue until all "tears" are wiped away!

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS.

THE Confederate President and his Cabinet retreated from Richmond in advance of Lee's army. At Danville, on the southern border of Virginia, the train halted long enough for Davis to issue a flaming proclamation, designed to inspirit the fainting and sinking hearts of the Confederacy, saying:

"We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free."

Davis was very good at urging others to face the danger; but as for himself, he preferred to keep out of harm's way.

He pretended to be utterly astounded at the news of Lee's surrender to Grant. The Confederate government now took to wheels again, and retreated to Greensboro, N C., where it halted for a few days, cooped up in a railroad car, ready to move at the cry of the conductor, "All aboard."

The imminence of Johnson's surrender to the invincible Sherman necessitated another flitting.

But this time their progress was impeded by the destructive raid of Stoneman's cavalry. This time the car had to be abandoned, and Davis and his associates were compelled to flit in wagons and on horseback across the country to Charlotte, N C., where the Confederate ark rested a few days.

The inglorious surrender of Johnston, and the uncomfortable nearness of Stoneman's cavalry, compelled these devoted priests of the ark to resume their journey southward, in quest of some "Canaan," some land of cotton and of corn where the "Yankees" ceased from troubling, and the weary ark might rest. Davis, the high priest, and Breckenridge, his subordinate, conceived the idea that Texas, the empire beyond the mighty river, was ordained by the Architect of the universe to be the land of promise.

Accordingly the high priest, and the Sanhedrim, with an escort of two thousand hired horsemen, determined to ride into Canaan, or, as the sequel proved, into some other place.

In the meantime, the Federal cavalry was spreading a net across the Southern States to catch these distinguished fugitives.

Col. W F. Palmer, of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, with a division of Stoneman's cavalry, was patrolling the headwaters of the Savannah river as far down as Augusta. General Wilson laid his net farther south and west, in the State of Georgia.

General Upton was sent to Augusta; Winslow, with the Fourth division, was sent to Atlanta to watch all the fords and ferries across the Chattahoochee; McCook, with a small brigade, was sent to Tallahassee, Florida; Croxton distributed his division along the line of the Ocmulgee as far south as Macon; Colonel Minty extended his troopers along the Ocmulgee, Altamaha, and Flint rivers, from Macon southward as far as Jacksonville.

Turning again to the fugitives, we find them in worse perplexity They had journeyed southwest through Yorkville, Unionville, and Abbeville, S. C.; but as they approached the Savannah river, which was guarded by Palmer's Videttes, the members of the Sanhedrim began to resign—Trenholm, Secretary of the Treasury; George Davis, Attorney-General, and Rabbis Benjamin and Mallory, left the fallen President to his fate, and the armed escort of two thousand dissolved into a corporal's guard.

This remnant of the Confederacy succeeded in slipping through the fingers of Palmer's troopers, and having reached Washington, Georgia, they were discussing the safest route to take with their forlorn hope.

Wilson's complete cordon of cavalry in the west forbid any further attempt to reach Texas, and the ill-fated President turned his longing eyes toward the coast of Florida, where he hoped some friendly

ship would take him in, and land him on some island far away.

Turning southward, he sent his family and a small escort in wagons on the main roads, while he, in the garb of a drover, was hunting his way through the by-ways and hedges. Passing Milledgeville on the east, he crossed the Oconee at Dublin, and was aiming to cross the Ocmulgee near Abbeville.

On the seventh day of May, four days after Davis had left Washington, Ga., there was great excitement in our camp at Macon.

Minty's brigade was ordered to move at once, with three days' rations, in pursuit of Davis.

Every "bone-rack" in camp was mounted and spurred to the utmost speed. Colonel Harnden, of the First Wisconsin, moved south on the east side of the Ocmulgee, and struck the trail of the fugitives at Dublin, and followed in hot pursuit.

Minty's brigade galloped south on the west side of the river, and struck the trail at Abbeville. We camped for the night near the deserted camp-fire of Davis's party the night before. At midnight, a citizen reported the exact location of Davis's camp, one mile south of Irwinsville.

Colonel Minty would naturally give his own regiment, the Fourth Michigan, the preference. He sent Lieut. Col. Pritchard with his regiment in advance, followed two hours later by the Seventh

Pennsylvania. The Fourth Michigan surrounded Davis's camp before daylight on the tenth of May, 1865. At the same time the advance of Colonel Harnden's regiment approached from the opposite direction, and being halted by Pritchard's men, a sharp skirmish took place in the dark, each supposing the other to be the remnant of Davis's escort, and two of the Fourth Michigan were killed, and a number wounded out of both parties, before the mistake was discovered.

At daylight Col. Pritchard gathered up his trophy, consisting of Davis and family, postmaster Reagan, four officers, eleven soldiers, and a few colored servants.

Our column halted by the roadside, to let Davis's train pass to the rear. The train consisted of several wagons, and an ambulance for the Davis family. The train halted a few minutes, while we got a good square look at the crest-fallen president. Davis held in his lap a little girl, and a ten-year-old boy of his; by his side sat Mrs. Davis and Miss Howel. He was well protected. No one, however, seemed to have any desire to kill him. A few citizens along the way said to us, "Why don't you hang him to the first tree you come to?"

The band very naturally struck up a patriotic air suited to the words, "We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree."

This ragtag of the Confederacy, drawn by hun-

gry-eyed mules through an interminable pine forest, guarded by the gleaming sabers of a victorious army, was enough to sink the proud heart of the ex-Confederate President into the bottomless pit of despair.

At Macon, Davis junior, the ten-year-old boy, said to our soldiers, "If the Yankees hang papa, I'll be avenged." This boy had some of his mother's grit, and doubtless spoke his mother's sentiments.

The friends of Davis have always denied that he attempted to deceive his captors by disguising himself as a woman. The only reliable information, concerning this matter, must be gathered from the testimony of eye-witnesses.

It is a fact that all the officers and members of the Fourth Michigan, who participated in the capture of Davis, agree in the following statements: that during the skirmish referred to, three persons, in female attire, emerged from one of the large tents, and were seen by one of the guards hurrying toward the thick woods. They refused to obey the summons to "halt," and were at once confronted by Corporal Munger, who, recognizing one of them as Jeff. Davis, demanded his immediate surrender. He noticed the old lady's hair cropping out above the little shawl, worn as a head-dress. In walking back to the tent Adjutant Dickinson noticed, under the skirt of the waterproof, his high-top boots, which helped to confirm his identification.

Captain G. W Lawton, of the Fourth Michigan, says in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of September, 1865, that the testimony of eye-witnesses is, "that Davis, in addition to his full suit of Confederate gray, had on a lady's waterproof cloak, gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over the head, and carrying a tin pail on his arm."

Colonel Pritchard, in his official report, says, "that he secured from Mrs. Davis the identical shawl and cloak used by Mr. Davis on that occasion."

The testimony is clear that the three women, (supposed to be) who tried to escape the vigilance of the guards, and hide in the thickets, were Mrs. Davis, Miss Howel, and Jeff. Davis.

On the way back to Macon, we encamped, one sunny afternoon on the banks of the Ocmulgee; and after our dusty march, the whole regiment seemed to turn in for a bath. Some of the boys dived down from the limbs of trees overhanging the water, and swam to the opposite shore with the ease and grace of a mandarin-duck. The writer did not not wish to be outdone, although he had never before ventured far from shore in water where he could not touch bottom on tip-toe.

What possessed him to make the venture, he has never been able to explain. Nevertheless, he plunged in like the rest, and swam with comparative ease to the farther shore. After a short rest, he

swung in on the home-stretch. In the middle of the river he felt some obstacle strike his foot: immediately his imagination pictured to his mind a huge alligator, with jaws wide open ready to devour at one gulp this average-sized "Yankee." He knew that the extravagant stories of "John," our colored cook, about riding astride of alligators, were all legendary, yet they helped somewhat to magnify the impression of this horrid picture. The excited swimmer struck out with a double set of oars, and before reaching the shore his breath was gone, and his strength was exhausted. He let himself down, but failing to touch bottom, he made one more desperate effort to near the shore. Dropping his oars the second time, he was just able to touch bottom on tip-toe. Having effected a safe landing, the writer resolved never to make another such a foolish venture.

On the thirteenth of May, we arrived at Macon with our distinguished prisoners. Colonel Pritchard and a small detachment of the Fourth Michigan conducted ex-President Davis, Vice-President Alex. H. Stephens, and Clement C. Clay, jr., to Washington.

Davis was confined as a prisoner for two years in Fortress Monroe, when his worst enemies during the war, such as Horace Greeley, took pity on him, and secured his release on a bail-bond of one hundred thousand dollars, the same sum which had

been offered for his arrest. The conduct of our soldiers and of the Federal government toward this fallen enemy, affords an exhibition of soldierly magnanimity and judicial clemency, unparalleled in the history of nations! Other historians do not seem to know it, nevertheless, the "Seventh" was there, and paid its respects to the ex-President!

CHAPTER XX.

RECONSTRUCTION IN GEORGIA.

THE state of society in the South, at the close of the war, was completely demoralized. Laws that had been on the statute-book for a century were null and void; the relation between master and slave was thoroughly revolutionized; the courts of the insurgent states were themselves out-lawed by the act of secession—the officers of the law, being self-deposed, stood powerless in the face of crime, stripped of proper authority to make arrests; in short, the whole fabric of society had suddenly crumbled into ruins, and it was apparent that the future structure must be built new from the foundation up.

The people of the South were so disheartened, and so impoverished by the war, that they were ready to acknowledge their inability to adapt themselves to the changed condition of society.

The "decree of emancipation" was irrevocable; the freedom of all men, irrespective of race or color, must be the corner-stone of the new structure. It was no easy matter for the slave-holding population of the South to give up a favored institution cherished for centuries, under the sanction of politicians

and divines, and at once adapt themselves to the new relation of citizens and freedmen, instead of master and slave.

Never was the Union soldier welcome in the South, until these disordered elements of white and black, of master and servant, began to clash and grate upon each other in the effort at re-adjustment.

Between these discordant elements, there was a mutual hatred and suspicion. The slave hated his master and overseer who had beaten him with many stripes. The master and overseer hated the race which they had helped to degrade.

Both parties appealed to the Union soldier for protection. The white citizens of the town sent delegations to the commanding officer, asking for a detachment of soldiers to protect themselves against the depredations of the colored people; and the freedmen were even more urgent in their appeals to the soldier for protection from the concealed weapons and menacing shots of their former masters.

It may seem incredible, and yet it is true, that the ladies of the South felt much more kindly toward the Union soldier after the rebellion was crushed than before. They had respect for the men who had met and humbled the boasted prowess of Southern chivalry. They went so far as to say that the "Yankees" must be brave; some admitted that they were handsome, and a precious few even acknowledged that they were lovable.

It is wonderful how easily ladies can be won by superior gallantry—how readily they can set aside former prejudices, and how gracefully and charmingly they can ring in with the winning side! The Confederate soldier was "without honor," and without money," in his own country," and being weighed in the balances, by the ladies, with a "Yankee" who had both, he would be, necessarily, found wanting.

The following is an extract from a letter written to Brother Luther, dated Macon, June 21, 1865:

"It does not seem like soldiering any more. We have no pickets out to watch the rebels. On Sunday last Lieut. Hayes, Sergeant Best and myself, were out in the country five miles to attend church. There was quite a number of young ladies present; not many male citizens in attendance. Their ranks have been thinned by the casualties of war. The young ladies in this country are not hard to get acquainted with. They think very favorably of the Union soldier. A few of the 'Yankee boys' have been married to ladies in Macon and vicinity since we came here.

"The citizens are going to work, and everything is moving along smoothly. Visiting the hospitals in Macon, a few days ago, in company with Sergeant Best, we noticed that the stores were all running, and trade was reviving. The rebel soldiers are going home as fast as they can. They are satisfied to live under the 'old flag' once more.

"Last Sunday a few of us, by invitation, dined with an old planter. He owns a large plantation and fifty servants. He told his neighbors before the South seceded, how it would come out. They threatened to ride him on

a rail. He told them he had plenty of other conveyances, that they need not go to that trouble. He always was an emancipationist, but he did not approve the policy of our government, in turning them all loose at once. He favored gradual emancipation."

Soon after our arrival in Macon in the latter part of April, the writer received a letter from Sergeant Hayes, dated at Annapolis, Md., March 16, 1865, in which he speaks of the mortality of our soldiers on the voyage from Charleston to Annapolis.

"Sixty dead bodies were taken from the steamer 'Northern Light' at one time, besides a number left at Fortress Monroe, and others whom they were compelled to throw overboard before reaching that place. None but those who have experienced it, can form any idea of prison-life in Dixie. Over two hundred have been buried at Annapolis in one week."

After spending a furlough of thirty days with his friends in Nittany, Pa., Sergeant Hayes returned to Annapolis, where he received a Lieutenant's commission, with instructions to report to his company. In the month of June, Lieut. William Hayes assumed command of Company "E" at Macon.

On the tenth day of July, 1865, our company was ordered to Eatonton, Ga., the county seat of Putnam county. We marched the distance, fifty miles, in two days. We passed Milledgeville on our right, moving directly through Clinton. All along the way we could discover some traces yet remaining of "Sherman's march to the sea."

At Eatonton, Lieut. Hayes established his headquarters as military governor of Putnam county. He issued an order through the county press to the citizens and freedmen, explaining the new relation they sustained to each other, urging mutual forbearance, and promising to punish every violation of the peace and good order of the community

It was not long until he was overwhelmed with complaints from both sides of the color-line.

A young negro came into camp at day-break almost breathless, saying that his "master had shot at him with his revolver, that he heard the bullet whiz past his ears."

An old colored woman walked four miles one morning to report to the governor that her master had struck her over the head with a wooden bucket, bruising her face badly. Then he choked her, leaving the marks of his finger-nails on her neck.

These men were sent for, and requested by the Lieutenant to make answer to the several charges preferred. The first prisoner acknowledged that he had fired a random shot at the young negro, that he had no intention of killing him, that he meant only to scare him, that he was a worthless "nigger," and refused to work, that he ordered him to leave the premises, and upon refusing to do so, he shot at him.

The second prisoner stated frankly that he had struck the old woman senseless, that he had choked

her, and that he would do it again, if she ever insulted his wife again. It was wash-day on that plantation, and the women had some sharp words; and in the midst of the quarrel, the black woman made this dreadful remark to her haughty mistress: "I is just as free as you is!" This was too much for a slave-driver to take from a defenceless black woman, so he simply knocked her down and choked her. The Lieutenant was sorely perplexed. He could not refer the case to a jury, and ask them to bring in a verdict according to the testimony. He was both judge and jury. After reprimanding sharply these two proud Southerners, he sent the first prisoner to his home, requiring him to give pledge for his good behavior. The second prisoner was kept in the guard-house a few days, in order to cool his ardor to a more even temperature.

The owner of a large plantation rode up to the Lieutenant's tent one morning, and requested that a soldier be sent to his house immediately, to compel his negroes to stay at their work.

The Lieutenant sent Fred. Mantel, a trusty soldier, with the planter. The negroes worked faithfully every day in the week except Saturday. Saturday morning they all refused to go to work. They claimed, as freedmen, they had an inalienable right to do as they pleased one day out of six. The overseers were black men, and took sides with their brethren. "Fred" ordered all the work-

hands to fall into line in front of the house. Sixty stood in line. He tried to explain to them that freedom did not mean idleness on week-days, and urged them to go to work as usual. But the response was that they were free, and could do as they pleased. Seeing that extraordinary arguments must be used, he ordered the overseers to step three paces to the front; then he brought his "Spencer" to a level, telling the refractory overseers that he had seven powerful arguments in his gun, which he would give them in less time than they could count their fingers and thumbs, if they did not promise to go to work instanter. The frightened overseers cried out; "Hold on, Capting, we'll go to work; but if Massa Lincoln was a livin', we wouldn't need to do it."

These are only a few of the many perplexing cases that were presented to the Lieutenant in the short space of three or four weeks.

On Sabbath we attended services in the Presbyterian church. A prominent lawyer and member of the church invited the Governor and his private secretary to dine at his house. He had an elegant residence, and a large number of colored servants. He said it had been a penitentiary offence for years to teach a colored person to read; but his daughter, a handsome and intelligent young lady, whose acquaintance we had already formed, paid no attention to this law, and had for years devoted each

Sabbath afternoon to teaching their colored servants to read and write.

Such laws are now shelved among the relics of barbarism. The following notices, copied from the Chattanooga Daily *Rebel*, of July 25th, 1863, sound very ludicrous in the ears of young voters of to-day, who had no voice and no hand in removing the curse of slavery from our fair land.

"NOTICE.

"*Fifty Dollars Reward*: During the recent retreat from Tullahoma, my negro boy, Will, who was last seen a few miles north of Tennessee river, is missing. Said boy is six feet high, twenty-four years of age, very black, whites of his eyes very large and conspicuous, and has a swaggering walk. Any one giving information leading to his recovery, will receive the above reward.

"W. S. HIGGINS."

"*Notice.* Taken up and committed to jail in Chattanooga, on the 22d of July, 1863, a negro girl, who calls her name Jinnie; says she belongs to Dr. Leaton, of Kingston, Ga. Said girl is black, low and well built, about thirteen years old; the master is requested to come forward, prove the slave, pay charges, and take her away.

J. H. SWAIN, Jailer."

"*One Hundred Dollars Reward* will be paid for the apprehension of my boy, Tom, a mulatto, about thirty years old, 5 feet 7 inches high, weighs 145 to 150 pounds, speaks slowly, is slightly ruptured and wears a truss. He left me at Sewannee, wearing a blue-checked shirt, grey homespun jeans pants, made reinforced, and will try to reach Charleston or Mobile, if he did not go to the

Yankees. He has been occupied as an ostler and house-servant. For his delivery to me at Chattanooga, I will pay $100. L. T. WOODRUFF."

These are some of the relics of the accursed institution of slavery. It is not difficult to see how hard it must have been for the owner of slaves to give up his claim upon them as his property, and thereafter to admit them into the body politic upon an equality as citizens.

Masters losing their property-interest in slaves, felt disposed to turn out of doors all the aged and helpless negroes who were no longer of any use to them as laborers. Other planters refused to give employment to their former slaves, sending them adrift, and then hunting them down as vagabonds. These grave difficulties, the utter helplessness of the colored population to take their own part, their necessary ignorance and poverty, called for the organization of the "Freedmen's Bureau," under the efficient management of that gallant one-armed soldier and noble Christian gentleman, General O. O. Howard.

The only way for the seceded states to resume their place in the Union was, first of all, to rescind the ordinance of secession, to repudiate the Confederate debt, and subsequently to ratify the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, decreeing respectively the freedom, the equality, and the

suffrage of the black man. This was a bitter dose for the aristocracy of the South, but rather than submit to military rule, one state after another assembled in convention and ratified the articles of reconstruction. The State of Georgia was among the first to take this step; and, removing her Capitol from Milledgeville to the battle-scarred city of Atlanta, she has taken on new life ever since, and rising out of her ashes with increasing splendor, she is destined to resume her high place in the galaxy of states.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

IN the early part of August, 1865, the "Seventh" was ordered to concentrate at Macon, and prepare their rolls for muster-out. This was welcome news for our boys. As soon as the war was over, we longed to return to the quiet pursuits of civil life. Some of us never had any particular relish for military service, and all of us were now thoroughly tired and disgusted with the continuous jarring in the social and domestic circles of the South.

Several regiments of colored troops had been organized out of the able-bodied negroes gathered by Wilson's raid. These troops were well drilled. The commissioned officers were white men. George W Smith, of Company "E," received a Lieutenant's commission in one of these regiments, and was afterwards promoted to the rank of Captain.

These colored troops were now ready to take our place, and let the old veterans return to their homes. To us it was glad tidings; but to the average Southerner it was equal to the torments of Dives. This Lazarus, who had lain at their gate full of sores, is suddenly transformed into a stern sentinel, armed cap-a-pie, demanding from his former master a

humane and courteous behavior toward the *colored brethren*. Surely—

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

After completing the rolls, to date from August twenty-third, 1865, the regiment was ordered to report at Harrisburg for muster-out. With light hearts and flying colors, we marched through Macon to the depot, and boarded the train—*homeward bound*. We passed the graves of comrades Foster, Else, McDonald, and Caldwell at Lovejoy's Station; ten miles north we swept over the battlefield of Jonesboro, and at mid-day we landed in the Union depot at Atlanta. The depot, which had been destroyed by Sherman's rear-guard, was being rebuilt. The boys, while waiting for the train, in order to shelter themselves from the vertical rays of a scorching sun, began to build sheds by means of a pile of boards lying near the railroad track. It was soon discovered that beneath this pile of lumber were concealed several kegs of brandy. A general rush was made with canteens, tin-cups and spoons. The head of one keg was knocked in, and as many canteens as the keg would hold were immersed in the brandy.

Lieutenant Hayes watched the proceedings a few moments, and discovering the other two kegs, he leaped into the midst of the crowd, and putting on

the strength of Hercules, he seized one keg after another, hurling them upon the iron track with such violence as to burst the hoops, and spill the contents on the thirsty earth. The Surgeon urged the Lieutenant to spare one keg for the sick; but it was too late, the hoops were already burst, and it was by no means certain that the sick would have gotten it if it had been spared. The infuriated crowd rushed around the curly-headed Lieutenant with clenched fists, denouncing his wasteful prodigality with unnumbered threats and curses, while he stood bare-headed in the midst of them, calm and resolute, saying: "Boys, you have fought like men, I want you to go home like men!"

The storm of indignation gradually subsided. The train started for Chattanooga, but before we reached the first station one poor fellow, who had the start of Hayes and got too much in his canteen, became intoxicated, fell overboard in passing from one car to the other, and was instantly crushed to death.

Before we reached the Chattahoochee river, the boys began to congratulate the Lieutenant, declaring that the spilling of that brandy was the best thing he ever did in his life. We hurried northward over the historic battle-ground of the Atlanta campaign, passing around the foot of Kenesaw, leaving Pine and Lost mountain to the left and rear, on through Big Shanty, Allatoona, Resaca, Dalton,

Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Chattanooga, all these places calling back memories of battle, of night-watching, of cannonading, and the unwelcome death-rattle of musketry

In Chattanooga, we took a last look at the brow of Lookout Mountain, where Hooker's corps fought the enemy, and planted the standard of victory above the clouds. On the left, the eye takes in the undulating range of Missionary Ridge, where the victorious columns of Sherman and Thomas charged the enemy's entrenched lines on the summit of the ridge, and drove Bragg's broken battalions beyond the bloody field of Chickamauga.

Rounding the base of Lookout Mountain, we crossed the silvery Tennessee at Bridgeport, then on through Stevenson, Tullahoma, Murfreesboro, over the memorable battle-field of "Stone River," through Lavergne to Nashville, passing by the soldiers' cemetery, in which more than a dozen of our fallen comrades lay buried. From Nashville we sped by rail to Harrisburg, where we lay in camp one week, waiting to be mustered out. Our "battle-flag" was returned to the Governor, according to the promise of Colonel Wynkoop, made in front of the Capitol, four years before; the old flag was worn and tattered, but not a single mark of dishonor sullied its folds.

First Lieutenant Hayes, being in command, was responsible for all the government property in the

Company It was no easy matter for his private secretary to account for the loss of horses, bridles, saddles, spurs, carbines, revolvers and sabers. As long as we had battles it was easy to account for such losses; but since Hayes took command we had no battle, and the only way to account for the missing articles, was by presenting to the proper officers sworn statements that the horses either died or were stolen, and that the other articles missing were unaccountably and unavoidably lost. Hayes was required to make oath to a dozen or more of these "mule and halter" statements before he could draw his pay. Before he got entirely through with this red-tape business, he became disgusted, and made the remark, rather impatiently, that "he had a mind to take it out in swearing!"

The Lieutenant, willing to practice what he preached, determined to take home with him his colored man, Henry. The writer, taken suddenly by a freak of generosity, concluded to adopt an orphan boy who had followed us from Macon to Harrisburg. His father was a rebel soldier, and was killed at Vicksburg. His mother died during the war. He was hatless, bare-footed, ragged and dirty. His hair was matted, his eyes and ears were full of soot. A good part of the way he rode on top of box-cars near the engine, and was smoked into a sooty mulatto. After a thorough scrubbing in the canal, with soap and towel, and a new suit

from head to-toe-nail, he was scarcely reeognizable as the saine boy The writer was very proud as he walked the streets of Harrisburg with his Confederate orphan "Henry," and imagined he eould see him in the oneoming time rise up and eall his paternal friend blessed.

At midnight the writer took the train at Harrisburg, with the baggage and the two "*Henrys*," leaving Hayes behind to swear out some supplementary statements. Before our train left the depot, my orphan boy slipped out of the ear and strolled about the depot, and before I eould find him the train pulled out with the other "Henry" and the baggage, leaving us to the painful experienee of seeing the rear of the train switeh out of sight. Of eourse we supposed "Henry," being without a ticket, would be thrown off with "bag and baggage" at the first station on the other side of the river. We took the next train two hours after, and posting myself on the rear platform, I kept out a striet wateh for "Henry No. 1." At Williamsport we telegraphed along the line, but no traee eould be found of the missing "darkey." With bitter disappointment we boarded the train for Lock Haven, and on nearing the depot we saw this veritable darkey sitting on a pile of baggage on the platform, grinning and laughing as if his sides would break. We inquired how he eame to be there; said he, "The eonductor wanted to put him

off at the first station, but he contended that the owner of this baggage was on the train somewhere; but finally the conductor determined to put him off," and the darkey pulled out his money and paid his fare. "So you knew where you were going to stop, Henry?" "O yes, sir, I gets dat from the Lieutenant before I gets on the train."

This honest colored man worked faithfully on the farm for one year, and then obtained permission to return to his wife and little ones in the State of Georgia.

The other "Henry," was disposed to be a little refractory. The narrow limits of Nittany Valley did not afford sufficient range for his roving disposition. During the same fall the State Fair was held at Williamsport, and my boy "Henry," quietly took his bundle and started for the Fair. We traced him as far as Lock Haven, where he took the train for Williamsport. At this point we lost all trace of my Confederate orphan, and any information concerning my runaway boy would be hailed with joy.

We have now reviewed, in these brief chapters, the stirring history and the rugged experience of the "Pennsylvania Dragoons" during four long years of civil war. We have not taken time from our other labors, to re-write a single chapter in this checkered history. We have told the story "simply, as to a little child." The learned may criticise,

and critics may scratch—if we can secure the attention and meet the approval of the sons and daughters of the veterans, we shall be satisfied.

The surviving members of the "Old Seventh" are now scattered from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Rio Grande. All are engaged in the great battle of life; the issues of which, if recorded, would furnish a far more interesting volume than the one just completed. The success or failure, the glory or shame of each individual, will not be known until the final roll-call, when each soldier shall face the record of his deeds, and receive recompense according to his deserts.

In the Providence of God, we find ourselves again in the midst of friends, drinking with them the cup of gladness and sadness! Joy and tears struggle for the mastery in many a home that has felt the cruel touch of war.

Comrades, our joy is full! We are not home on furlough; we are home to stay—thank God, home to stay!

CHAPTER XXII.

ROLL OF HONOR AND MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF THE DEAD.

Commissioned Officers of the "Seventh Pennsylvania Dragoons," Killed and Died in the Service.

Captain James Bryson. Died at Louisville, Ky., April 1, 1862.

Captain David J. May: Killed at Chickamauga, September 21, 1863.

Captain James G. Taylor. Killed at Lovejoy's Station, August 20, 1864.

Captain Robert McCormick. Killed by guerrillas at Bardstown, Ky., December 29, 1864.

First Lieut. Joseph Castles. Died March 15, 1862, at Munfordsville, Ky.

First Lieut. Amos B. Rhoads. Killed June 27, 1863, at Shelbyville, Tenn.

First Lieut. Chauncy C. Hermans. Killed August 21, 1864, at Lovejoy's Station, Ga.

Second Lieut. Nicholas Wynkoop. Killed August 21, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn.

Second Lieut. Henry W Lutz. Died November 29, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.

Second Lieut. James Henderson. Died April 17, 1863, at Murfreesboro', Tenn.

Second Lieut. Henry C. Calkins. Died October 7, 1864, at Murfreesboro', Tenn.

Surgeon John L. Sherk. Killed by guerrillas December 29, 1864, at Bardstown, Ky.

Officers and Members of Company "E." Killed, and Died of Wounds, Disease and Exposure.

Date of Enlistment.	Date and Place of Death.
Oct. 2, 1861.	First Lieut. Jacob Sigmund. Killed April 2, 1865, at Selma, Ala.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Second Lieut. Harvey H. Best. Died March 5, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Sergt. Samuel Foster. Killed August 21, 1864, at Lovejoy's Station, Ga.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Corp. John Hull. Died November 11, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Corp. Nathan Harvey. Killed Sept. 20, 1862, at Brentwood, Tenn.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Corp. John Eyre. Died Dec. 9, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Nov. 30, 1861.	Corp. John Rhoads. Died of smallpox, Feb. 1864, at Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 14, 1861.	James Strunk. Died Nov. 27, 1861, at Harrisburg, Pa.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Corp. Thaddeus Longwell. Died March 28, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Wash. Smith. Died June 9, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Henry Ohl. Died May 6, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Oct. 14, 1861.	Oliver Mantle. Died Nov. 5, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
Aug. 20, 1862.	George Royer. Died Jan. 7, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
Mar. 18, 1862.	Harvey Rishel. Died June 14, 1864, at Columbia, Tenn.
Feb. 20, 1864.	Solomon L. Maurer. Died June 17, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
Feb. 20, 1864.	Benjamin Catherman. Died Nov., 1864, at Louisville, Ky.
Feb. 20, 1864.	Perry McClintock. Died July, 1865, at Salona, Pa.

Sept. 9, 1864. Geo. W Paul. Died of wounds received at Selma, Ala.

Oct. 14, 1861. Adam Winkleblech. Killed May 5, 1862, at Lebanon, Tenn.

Oct. 14, 1861. Corp. John Brown. Killed Oct. 7, 1862, at Lavergne, Tenn.

Nov. 30, 1861. Andrew Lavely. Killed Sept. 21, 1863, at Chickamauga, Ga.

Oct. 14, 1861. George Caldwell. Killed Aug. 20, 1864, at Lovejoy's Station, Ga.

Feb. 23, 1864. Emery Else. Killed Aug. 20, 1864, at Lovejoy's Station, Ga.

Feb. 9, 1864. David H. McDonald. Killed Aug. 20, 1864, at Lovejoy's Station, Ga.

Oct. 14, 1861. Robert Bridgens. Killed Aug. 29, 1864, in front of Atlanta, Ga.

Feb. 20, 1864. Robert Maurer. Killed June 11, 1864, near Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 20, 1864. Lewis Catherman.* Killed Oct. 13, 1864, near Rome, Ga.

Oct. 14, 1864. Henry Paul. Killed April 2, 1865, (wounded in four places) at Selma, Ala.

Resigned and Discharged on Account of Disability.

Date of Enlistment.

Oct. 2, 1861. First Lieut. John Leidy. Resigned, April 4, 1862.

Oct. 2, 1861. First Lieut. James Allison.* Resigned, May 4, 1863.

Oct. 2, 1861. Second Lieut. John C. McGhee. Resigned, Jan. 23, 1863.

Oct. 14, 1861. William H. Clough. Discharged, Mar. 28, 1862.

Oct. 14, 1861. Beverly Britton. Discharged, April, 1862.

Oct. 14, 1861. Samuel Farrel.* Discharged, Sept., 1862.

Nov. 30, 1861. Corp. Richard J. Jones. Discharged, Aug., 1863.

Oct. 14, 1861. Benjamin Seyler. Discharged, Oct. 14, 1864.

Nov. 14, 1861. Sergt. James P. Hughes.† Discharged, Nov. 14, 1864.

Oct. 14, 1861. Thomas R. Watson. Discharged, Oct. 14, 1864.

Oct. 14, 1861. Henry Kahler.* Discharged, Oct. 14, 1864.

Others Discharged at Expiration of Term and Close of War.

Date of Enlistment.

Oct. 2, 1861. Capt. I. B. Schaeffer. Expiration of term, Nov. 10, 1864.

Oct. 2, 1861. Second Lieut. Edwin F. Nixon.† Released from prison at close of war.

Oct. 14, 1861. Sergt. Henry Metzger.† Released and discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. J. R. Zimmerman.† Released and discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. William I. Shaffer.† Released and discharged at close of war.

Aug. 20, 1862. Isaac A. Brown.† Discharged at close of war.

Aug. 20, 1862. Thomas R. Dennis. Discharged at close of war.

Aug. 20, 1862. William C. Hughes. Discharged at close of war.

Aug. 20, 1862. Jesse P Haslett. Discharged at close of war.

Aug. 20, 1862. Samuel B. Jobson.* Discharged at close of war.

Mar. 18, 1862. Jeremiah Logan.† Discharged at close of war.

Oct. 14, 1861. Bernhart Metzger. Discharged at close of war.

Oct. 14, 1861. William Neff. Discharged at close of war.

Aug. 20, 1862. Isaac Smith.* Discharged at close of war.

Mar. 18, 1862. Cyrus Walker. Discharged at close of war.

Mar. 18, 1862. George Willo. Discharged at close of war.

Oct. 14, 1861. William S. McGhee. Expiration of term, Oct. 14, 1864.

Nov. 1, 1861. William M. Stevenson. Expiration of term, Nov 1, 1864.

Oct. 14, 1861. William W. Snyder. Expiration of term, Oct. 14, 1864.

Aug. 20, 1862. George W Smith. Promoted Second Lieut. 137th U. S. Cold. Troops, April 7, 1865.

Feb. 20, 1864. Ira C. Stoner ("Doc"). Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. John G. Harrison. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. John H. Gladfelter.* Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. Martin Zindel. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. Samuel Kinney. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. William H. Fulton. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. Samuel Best.* Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. Samuel McGill.* Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. James W Hutchinson. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. William D. McCormick. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. Arba Dimmick. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. George W. Bowers. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. Lindley Lewellyn. Discharged at close of war.

Feb. 20, 1864. Isaac Slenker. Discharged at close of war.

If any names are omitted, the author would be thankful for the information.

Final Muster-out Roll of Co. "E." 7th P. V. V. C., Dated Macon, Ga., August 23, 1865.

Date of Enlistment.

Feb. 20, 1864. Capt. Edward P. Inhoff. A. A. G. Cav. Div., Ga.

Oct. 2, 1861. First Lieut. William Hayes.*† Commanding Company.

Oct. 2, 1861. Second Lieut. Henry L. Bricker.* Promoted Aug. 10, 1865.

Veterans, Enlisted October 14, 1861, and Mustered Out August 23, 1865.

Sergt. Wilbur F. Loveland.†
" Samuel B. Darrah.*
" Samuel Jobson.*
" Thos. F. Dornblaser.*
" Abraham J. Best.
Corp. Henry W. Wasson.
" Melchior Bechtol.*
" Peter Best.*
" John Brumgart.*
" Henry Hoofmaster.
Corp. Jacob Kling.*
" William Kester.*
" George W Krape.†
Blacksmith Geo. Wagner.
Priv. Adams, Geo. W
" Brilhart, Hiram W.*
" Blair, Jeremy A.*
" Berry, Jacob,
" Caldwell, Watson W.
" Fite, Abraham.

Priv. Fite, William H.*
" Herr, Dan'l ("Buster").*
" Knarr, David.*
" Karstater, Rudolph.†
" Knapp, Matthias.
" Minsker, Chas. A.
" Motter, Benjamin.†
Priv. Miller, Wilson H.†
" McCabe, Patrick ("Pat").
" Robbins, Jesse K.
" Shell, George W.*
" Toner, Thomas J.
" Wilson, George H.
" Wolf, George.*

Three-Year Recruits, Enlisted February 20, 1864, and Mustered Out August 23, 1865.

Priv. Allen, William.
" Allison, Joseph M.*
" Aley, Samuel.
" Barner, John H.
" Beck, Jeremiah.
" Bennett, Bonem G.
" Bennett, Seneca H.
" Bennett, Robert N.
" Bitner, John.
" Boush, James P.
" Clark, William.
" Darrah, Levi.
" Edmiston, James C.
" Faux, Josiah R.
" Faux, Thomas J.
" Fidler, George.*
" Hollingshead, Thos.
" Houts, Elias.*
" Inhoffe, Joseph.*
" Jackson, George N.
" Jacoby, John A.
" Krape, Antis.
" Kieff, William.
" Knights, Jacob M.*
" Larkins, Charles E.
" Larkins, John E.
Priv. Loveland, Henry D.
" Mantle, Fred. H.
" McGhee, Isaac R.
" McGhee, Robert H.
" Mills, Robert.
" Miller, John W
" Mincer, Mark.
" Rishel, Williamson.*
" Reighart, John W
" Rossman, Justis M.
" Rothrock, John W
" Royer, Henry G.
" Saxton, David.
" Schreffler, Irwin.
" Secrist, Darius.*
" Shafer, Henry.
" Shaffer, Edward.
" Smith, James I.
" Stamm, David.
" Starn, James.
" Stiner, John W.
" Strunk, Samuel C.
" Winn, Stephen D.
" Wolf, John.
" Wohlfart, George.
" Yearick, Henry.*

One Year Recruits.

Crispen, John W Enlisted September 16, 1864.
Lee, John T. Enlisted September 16, 1864.
Patton, David (cook). Enlisted July 16, 1863.
Heltman, S. R. Enlisted February 27, 1865.
Allen Parker.† Enlisted October 30, 1861.
McKenna, Jas. Enlisted September 18, 1863. Deserted May 15, 1864.

Those having a star (*) attached to their name were wounded or injured by horses falling in the charge. Those having served as prisoners for a time are marked with a dagger (†).

Our Heroic Dead.

"The brave,—the good.—the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!

* * * * *

"Our brothers mustered by our side,
They marched, and fought, and bravely died—
'Mid surging smoke and volley'd ball!
The bravest were the first to fall!

* * * * *

"A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
'They died for me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!'"

Fallen Comrade! Wrapped in thy country's stars, sleeping beneath earth s sweetest flowers, enshrined in memory's holy temple—*Live on forever*, in the hearts of thy *countrymen!*

THE END.